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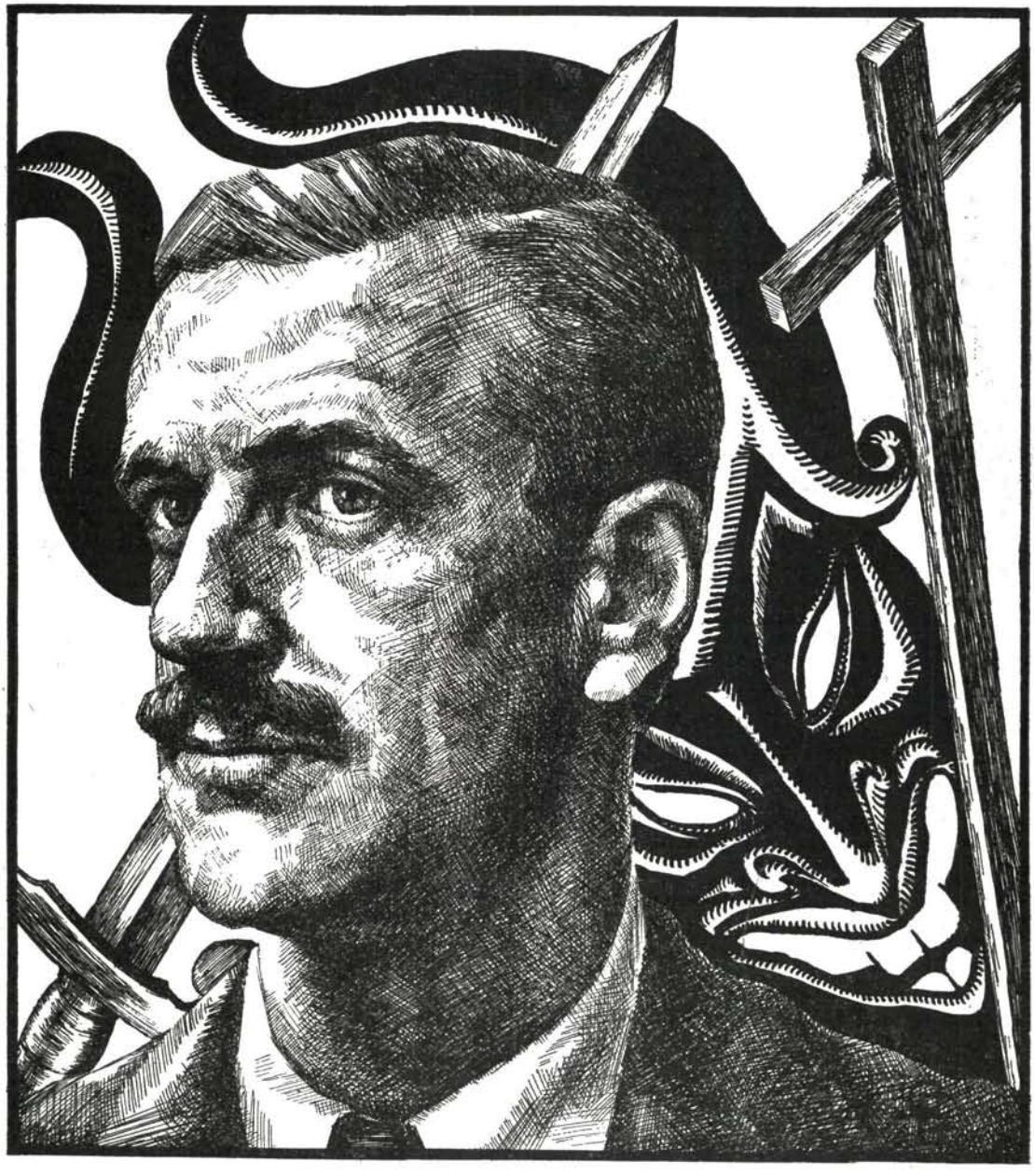

Stuart Cloete, author of "Against These Three." *(See page 8)*

Behind New York's Newspaper Strike

BY HERBERT HARRIS

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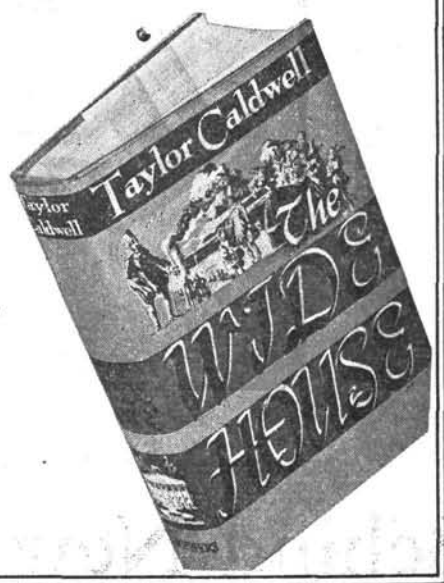

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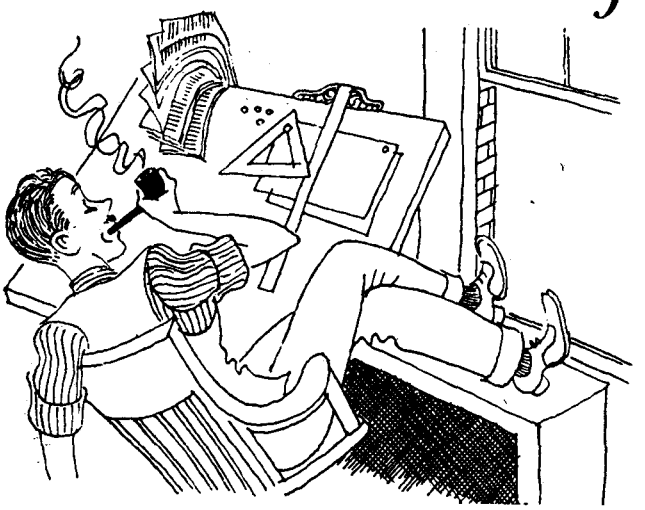
Our manufacturing man



EVERY PUBLISHING HOUSE has on its staff a character known as "the manufacturing man", or sometimes several, if it is a large firm. To the craftsmen of the American Institute of Graphic Arts these manufacturing men are known as "designers", and certainly that appellation is fairer if less informal than the one that most of us use in our shirt-sleeve working hours. Anyhow, it is the duty of the designer to specify the typeface, size, margination, weight and finish of paper, binding cloth, stamping dies, and other details that go into the making of the physical book from the author's manuscript.

Our trade books are designed by a youngish, black-haired man named Maury, who lives in a cubicle just under our sales department and in something of a litter of drawing boards, cloth samples, books of specimen types, printers' invoices, corrected and uncorrected galley proofs, memoranda from his customers, the Boys Upstairs, and a large, loose, indefinite collection of papers which we have never formally identified. Maury is a quiet man—listening to editors and sales managers and authors and paper manufacturers saying "no" and the like tends to make a quiet man—who smiles more than his existence would seem to us to justify, and who somehow manages to put out some fifty books a year which seem to us unreasonably attractive, considering how few breaks he gets.

A short time ago, as they sometimes do, the American Institute of Graphic Arts selected one of our books for commendation. We noted the item and thought of Maury, whom we found in the usual place.

"Maury," we said, "tell us how you design our books."

He moved a T-square restlessly. "Well," he said finally, "I don't do much about it. I just sit with my feet up and think about it. By and by the manuscript sort of tells me how it ought to look in print. Lately a lot of them have been saying that they ought to be set in Bulmer." He sighed. "That's a hand-set face, of course. Too expensive."

"Prohibitively so," we agreed hastily. "Anyhow, the explanation is inadequate, with unfortunate overtones of the fey and pixy."

"Yeah. All right, then, I go upstairs and listen to you people in the sales and the editorial departments. You always want a low unit cost, about six inches of bulk—before the war—a full buckram binding, a lot of gold stamping, and something to make it look 'a little distinctive'! Then I come back here and do the best I can." He fixed us with a suspicious eye. "Why do you want to know?"

We disregarded that. "Don't you pore over type books and work until all hours with a green eye shade, trying design after design until your craftsman's soul is satisfied?"

"I work until all hours," he replied shortly.

"Take a specific problem," we suggested. "Take the problem of Bob Trumbull's SILVERSIDES. What do you do about the binding cloth for that, for instance? It's a submarine book, so we suppose a dark greenish-blue cloth with silver stamping—"

"Listen. I call up the cloth man and see what's on hand or what we can get. Maybe it's a dark greenish-*red*, not blue. So I design the binding in a dark, greenish-red cloth."

We didn't feel that we were getting even to first base. "Maury," we said, "your books always look so handsome—or at least we think so. There must be some set of basic principles, some esthetic philosophy—"

"What the hell," he inquired delicately, "is the use of an esthetic philosophy when the Sales Manager tells me over and over again that he cannot sell a book which combines chartreuse and rose in a binding case?" His eye began to light up. "Now look. Chartreuse and rose go superbly together—for a certain kind of book, of course. Besides, it just so happens that there's a swell lot of chartreuse cloth in a place I know about—" Here he looked furtively to see if anyone was lurking outside the door. "And we still have some of that rose stuff you bought for that novel years ago, and—"

"Never mind," we broke in. "Is that what you call creative design? Chartreuse and rose? Right now we haven't anybody's Guide to Unusual Interior Decors under consideration."

Maury looked at us stonily. "I am having sample binding cases made for a number of the fall books," he said slowly. "They will be in chartreuse and rose. You can choose any one of them. If not this month, then next."

"Then there is no secret to creative design?" we asked him. "You just sit there and dream up something?"

"Right now," said our manufacturing man, swivelling his gaze away from us and to the window, and adjusting his feet on the radiator, "I am dreaming of a book set in Bulmer and with a chartreuse and rose binding case."

We tiptoed out . . . all the same, he's a good designer, and people like the way our books look.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Behind New York's Newspaper Strike

What Happened When the Deliverers Didn't Deliver

HERBERT HARRIS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As this issue goes to press the morning of July 17, word has been received of the likelihood of immediate settlement of the strike.*

WHAT was behind the newspaper strike in New York City? Some thirteen million readers in the Metropolitan area, deprived of their papers for more than two weeks, found it difficult to piece together any logical or coherent explanation of what the stoppage was all about. Despite the lack of adequate information, however, public opinion seemed to be leaning in the direction of these three conclusions:

1. Whatever the merits of its demands, the union was foolish in calling the strike during wartime, and even more foolish in flaunting the authority of the War Labor Board by not returning to work as the *sina qua non* of arbitration.

2. It seemed strange that the relatively mild demands for health insurance and vacation with pay should not have been met at least half-way by the publishers at the outset.

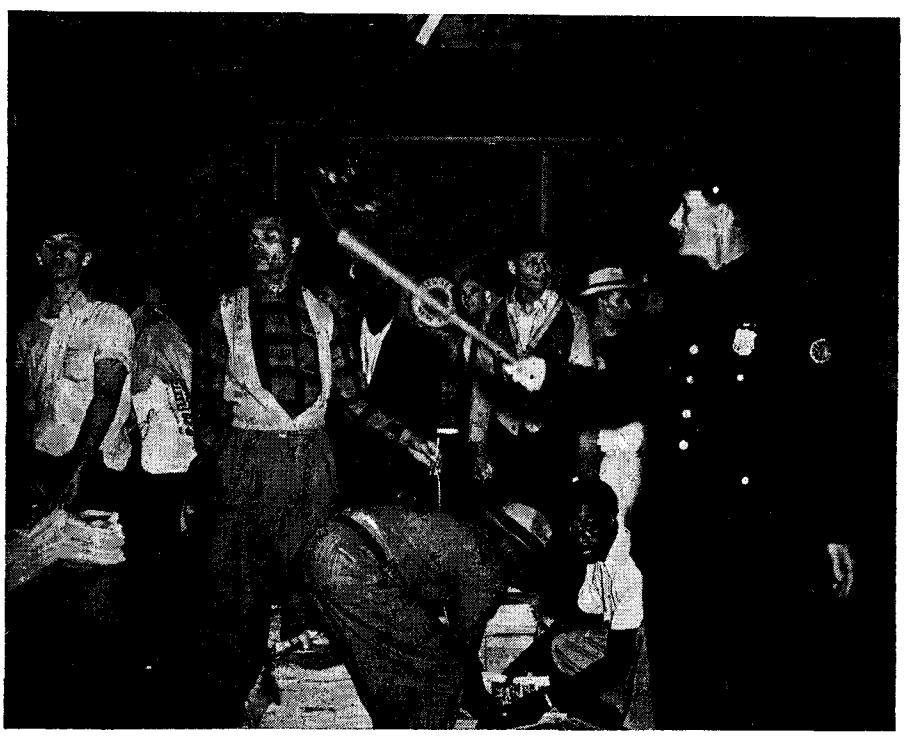
3. It seemed that the publishers, having caught the union off base, were somewhat over-zealous in making capital of that fact.

To watch the progress of the strike —while the publishers were losing millions in profits, while the unionists were losing thousands in wages, while the public, in a mood of bewilderment and exasperation, was losing its cerebral and conversational staples—was like watching a 1915 film, with its blurs and splotches, being run off too fast.

Let's begin with the union's case. The underlying cause of the conflict between 1700 members of the Newspaper Delivers' Union and the New York City Publishers' Association (*Times, Tribune, News, Mirror, Sun, World-Telegram, Post, Journal-American, Brooklyn Citizen,* and *L. I. Star-Journal*) was to be found in two queries put by union rank and filers: (1) how do we pay the doctor and (2) how do we eat when we're too old or too worn-out to work?

Both questions were germane in view of the conditions under which the typical routeman earns his living. He is geared to the tempo of the printing press. Speed is the essence of his effort, for nothing is more perishable than news. At the loading point at the plant, he slings bundles of papers, varying in weight from 5 to 65 pounds, into his truck, and climbs into the driver's seat and goes tearing off. (A crew of two men may be assigned to handle particularly congested or long-haul areas.) He has to operate on a split-second schedule in getting his papers to sidewalk newsstands, or subway counters, or to bus, railroad, and plane terminals, or to the corner cigar and stationery store. Unless he wins some right of way he may be late at his first stop and find that a rival sheet has a head start on sales. If, for example, an edition of the *New York Post* is available, but not that of the *World-Telegram,* some follower of Tom Stokes may find Sam Grafton a reason for a switch in allegiance, or vice versa. To avoid this or any other loss in circulation is the routeman's first duty. He also collects from the news vendor, hearkens to his complaints, counts and checks papers sold and returned, and altogether functions in relation to the dealer very much like a laundry driver in relation to the housewife, but at a faster pace. The routeman has to work out in the open in all weather. Even in winter he steams with sweat as he hops off his truck to smack down his stacks, and gather up left overs, and then chills off when he resumes the wheel again. He sometimes has only seven minutes to negotiate thirty blocks.

The nature of his job renders him peculiarly susceptible to rupture and hernia (many routemen wear trusses, corsets, back braces). To be sure, if he can prove that he has incurred a specific injury or even an illness as a result of his task, he can obtain Work-



On the sidewalks of New York. Youngsters gather up newspapers near the *Daily News* plant for catch-as-catch-can sale.

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men's Compensation which yields him an absolute maximum of $25.00 a week while disabled no matter how much he normally earns, and also takes care of medical expenses. But, and this is his perpetual grievance, he believes that the hazards of his occupation, its nervous strain, and exposure to inclement weather, predispose him to colds, sorethroat, grippe, sinus trouble, rheumatic and sciatical twinges and pains that cannot, under the law, necessarily be shown to derive from performance of his duty. When he is thus laid up his only source of income is his $6 a week sick-allowance from the union. His wage automatically stops, for he is paid only for the skill and energy he puts in on the job.

Hence, although husky as a type, the routeman is inclined toward almost hypochondriac interest in health; a group of routemen discuss their ailments with the same gusto displayed by a women's sewing circle. As a corollary of this concern, he is convinced that he can stand the gaff for only a certain number of years until he gets "burnt out" or too old and ready for what he calls the "scrap-heap," retirement on the $30 a month pension he receives from the union, plus his social security payments which have not yet been known to encourage any sybaritic existence. He contends that, by helping the newspaper to build and maintain circulation over 15 or 20 or 30 years of his working life, he is entitled to some help from the publisher to meet his expenses for his recurrent sicknesses, and to enlarge his pension when no longer able to work.

These attitudes, according to the union, are behind its demand for a new welfare program which the publishers refused to establish—a refusal that precipitated the strike. Under the union proposal, the employers were to contribute 3 per cent of their weekly payrolls to an Employee Welfare Fund, to provide the routemen with hospitalization, health insurance, old-age pensions and kindred benefits to round out those they already receive from their union. The plan was to be administered by trustees either chosen by the union alone, or by the union and the association acting in concert. The union contended that the publishers could well afford to "tax themselves" to this extent, the more particularly since the total cost of installing the Welfare Fund would be a maximum of $150,000 to be divided, pro rata, among the 11 publishers that belong to the Association. It pointed out that over the past two years the *Post, World-Telegram, Sun* and *Journal-American* have raised their price to the public by sixty-six and two-thirds per cent; and the *Times* and *Tribune* by fifty per cent; that war-swollen advertising

revenues have made the publishers something more than solvent, even after heavy taxes. There were, of course, other union demands such as vacations with pay, reduction in hours from 40 to 37½ a week for the day workers, and the like. Some accord was being reached on these issues, but the publishers kept balking on the Welfare Fund throughout the 61 days of strenuous negotiations that preceded the expiration of the collective bargaining contract between the Association and the union on June 30.

The publishers in general opposed the Fund on three counts: (1) if granted to the Deliverers' Union it would form a precedent, and soon all the other unions in the newspaper industry, the printers, the lithographers, the stereotypers, the mailers, the guildsmen, and the like would clamor for the same kind of treatment that could eventually entail considerable outlays; (2) the wages of the union had been stabilized virtually up to the limits imposed by the War Labor Board's Little Steel formula, and the Welfare Fund was therefore in effect a hidden wage boost, not justified in view of the $1.50 an hour average for straight time and $2.25 an hour for abnormal amounts of overtime; (3) the union in its attempt to keep itself a closed corporation, a monopoly in labor terms, often failed to supply sufficient extra personnel for the publishers' needs and therefore didn't "deserve" special welfare consideration.

IN any event, during many weeks in spring, efforts to achieve a meeting of minds were blocked by disagreement over the Welfare Fund and on June 1 both sides declared that they were unable to get together on terms for a new agreement to replace the old contract due to expire at month's end. Neither the mediator called in from the Empire State's Industrial Commission, nor the conciliator summoned from the U. S. Department of Labor could resolve this deadlock. Two weeks later on June 14, the case was heard before the War Labor Board's Newspaper Commission which directed that the clauses of the old pact remain in force beyond the normal expiration date until union and management could iron out their differences.

Meanwhile, however, the union lead-

Marginal Notes on the Strike

The strike at last defined for New Yorkers what the term "metropolitan area" really means. It is the jurisdiction held by the Deliverers' Union and covers the corporate limits of New York City and all territory within a circumference of fifty miles from Columbus Circle, bounded on Long Island by Patchogue, in Connecticut by Ridgefield, in New York by Warwick, and in New Jersey by Lake Hopatcong.

* * *

A college professor complained that the strikers had no publicity sense. He thought that, at the least, they should have run off thousands of leaflets and throwaways giving their side of the story and distributing them in subways, trains, and buses where a print-starved populace would have welcomed them as manna.

* * *

Bookstores reported that new books were not selling as well as they might if people had been able to consult the reviewers and read the advertising. Both circulating and public libraries enjoyed a boom, while at newsstands even Grade B magazines sold out fast and only comic books graced barren shelves. Commuters discovered new virtues in some suburban papers, notably those with syndicated features that made them almost indistinguishable from their gargantuan N. Y. C. mentors. On the whole, however, most of the local papers failed to exploit the opportunity to gain new readers by sprucing up, or—in some cases— merely by becoming readable.

* * *

The queues in front of newspaper offices grew longer each day as more and more people bought their own papers at the source. Nearly 700,000 were sold daily by this and other means. An elderly news vender, herding seven boys, each with fifty copies of the *News,* stabbed two strikers who tried to stop them from carrying off the papers. As teen-age boys continued to pick up quick money by peddling papers at two and three times the normal price, the strikers grew restive. Fearing an upsurge of violence, the Police Commissioner assigned more cops, on foot and mounted, to keep order than have ever before been used in a strike.

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ers decided to resort to stronger pressure than conference table arguments —the threat of a strike. In accord with the Smith-Connally Act, the union announced on May 29 its intention to take a strike vote within the next 30 days. A month later this voting began under the rigorous supervision of the National Labor Relations Board which supplied a ballot to be marked in secret and which read as follows: "Do you wish to permit an interruption of war production in wartime as a result of this dispute?" The routemen voted 1148 to 41 in favor of a strike. On the morning of June 30, the routemen formed their picket lines, cutting the combined circulation of the metropolitan press from 4½ million to less than 40,000 during the first 72 hours.

AS the strike continued from day to day, the War Labor Board, which will not act on a dispute until strikers have returned to their jobs, ordered the routemen back to work as an indispensable preliminary for negotiation.

When the strikers ignored the WLB mandates, the Board first threatened and then imposed the most Draconian sanctions in its history. It suspended the union's contract. It took away the union's closed shop provision under which the publishers could add no one to their delivery payrolls unless furnished by the union. It told the publishers that they were free to go into the labor market and hire whatever replacements they required to fill the strikers' jobs. It denied to the union retroactive advantages that might accrue from any new future agreement.

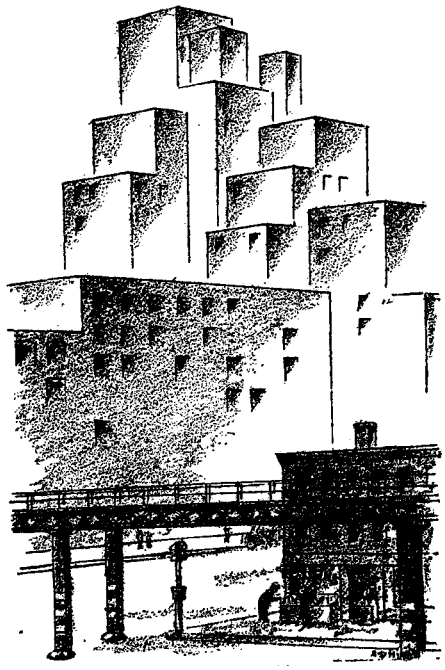
Nevertheless, the union continued to defy the Board for two reasons. In the first place, the War Labor Board cannot approve any Welfare Fund, or similar insurance scheme, unless the union and the management involved jointly ask the Board to do so. If an employer resists any such proposal, the Board will not ordain its adoption. Since the publishers contested setting up the Welfare Fund, the union was certain that to submit this point to the WLB would be merely to concede defeat, for the Board could hardly be expected to reverse its customary policy on questions of this kind. Said one striker, "What they're trying to do is make the Board the bastard."

In the second place, the union — through its attorney, Louis Waldman— denied that the strike was "illegal" as alleged by practically everybody. He asserted that the Smith-Connally Act makes strikes and work stoppages legal, even in war industries, after certain requirements, namely, 30-day advance notification of intention to strike, and the casting of a strike ballot, have been complied with; and that the union had fulfilled these obligations in letter and spirit. He insisted that there was only one way in which the strike could become illegal under the statutes and fiats controlling U. S. labor relations in wartime, and that was to have the Government take over the newspaper plants. Whether the agency to accomplish this would be the Army, the Navy, or the OWI nobody seemed to know. Apparently overlooked in the general excitement and name-calling was a crucial clause 3-F in Section 3 of the contract between the union and the publishers, a clause in which the union promises that "Any wartime or other emergency order of the Office of Defense Transportation or other Governmental agency shall be promptly obeyed." If "other Governmental agency" means what it seems to mean, the union—in flouting WLB directives — was not keeping its own collective bargaining promise.

From the broader standpoint of its moral responsibility to the community, and to the labor movement, which has a 99.8 per cent record in abiding by its voluntary no-strike pledge, the union's disregard of the WLB as the legitimate and supreme tribunal for settling wartime disputes showed a lack of faith in the democratic process. The WLB is composed equally of union, management, and public representatives. During 3½ difficult years they have rung up a distinguished record for fair play, and for effectuating the compromises that are the technique of democracy.

Even if its heart's desire, the Welfare Fund, could not be granted, the union could still count on the WLB to give due weight to this point in making awards on other issues.

Of course, from its founding in 1901, in a day when routemen distributed their papers via horse-trolleys, horse and wagon, or by packing their loads on their own backs, the union's public relations have been—and remain— incredibly stupid and inept. It has rarely coöperated with the rest of organized labor. It handled "hot cargo"— delivered papers when the Guild went on strike at the Brooklyn Eagle. Even when the advent of the New Deal, with its Wagner Act, enabled it to cast off a large degree of publisher control of its internal affairs, it never sought to affiliate with the AFL or CIO. It shows no awareness of the general economic impact of its present strike which, among other things, has deprived some 2300 of the smaller news dealers of a major source of income.



On the other hand, the union has not begun to commit the sins with which it is often charged. The claim that it has called 13 strikes in 24 months is sheer nonsense. In recent years it has conducted two strikes—one in 1942 and the other the current fracas. The 11 other so-called strikes were brief stoppages over petty grievances and lasted an hour or two and were promptly settled by the union officials. Nor does the union deserve the loose-talk designation of "a bunch of goons." Its members are just as hard-working and hard-boiled as others in similar pursuits, and very touchy about being pushed around. They realize that they are key men, and their work indispensable to the industry; and they take a certain pride in their power to "tie it up in knots."

THEY scoffed at the publishers' ultimata that unless they reported back to their jobs they would be dismissed. They feel that as trained, experienced men they can be supplanted only at a tremendous cost in efficiency, a feeling intensified by the labor shortage. They know the routes, the customers, the short-cuts. To be sure, there are among them a few survivors of the "Chicago boys," the brass-knuckle and lead-pipe brigade imported by some New York publishers from Al Capone's small fry collection a generation ago. They were used in Gotham's circulation wars to "persuade" vendors that certain papers were very nice merchandise and merited special attention. But even this remaining handful of once sleek semi-mobsters have grown paunchy and respectable. They are mostly married, and house-broken.

The suggestion often made that the union's leaders are lining their pockets shows small respect for veracity. The union got rid of kick-backs ten years ago. Its dues of $48.00 a year are comparatively low in light of the fact that in 1944 it paid out to members $83,000 for sick, burial, and pension benefits.

(Continued on page 33)

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The Sweep of South African History

AGAINST THESE THREE. By Stuart Cloete. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1945. 472 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by W. H. HINDLE

STEPHANUS JOHANNES PAULUS KRUGER, last President of the Dutch South African Republic, feared God, hated the English, and believed absolutely that the earth was flat. He was a fundamentalist, although the word was not in common use in his time. Cecil John Rhodes bet fifty-fifty on God's existence, would and did make deals with the devil, and believed implicitly that the Anglo-Saxon race should inherit the earth. Out of the conflict of the two cultures, which these two so opposite characters represented, Mr. Cloete has made an epic story. Like many epics, it is florid, sprawling, repetitious, and occasionally bathetic. Yet it gives, as few histories have succeeded in doing, a sense of the grand sweep of South African history at the turn of the century.

There is a third character, representing a third culture, in Mr. Cloete's composite biography. This is Lobengula, last king of the Matabele. According to Mr. Cloete, Lobengula was "the last great king . . . to fight the white man," which is not strictly accurate. Haile Selassie of Abyssinia was able to claim that unhappy distinction some forty years after Lobengula's death. It is true, however, that in many respects Lobengula summed up the hopeless fight of his race against the white man. He was a picturesque character, this Lobengula, whom Mr. Cloete brings to vivid life, and never more so than against the background of the white civilization with which he attempted to deal. There was, for example, the occasion when Sir Sidney Shippard went to negotiate with Lobengula dressed in a tightly buttoned frock-coat, gray kid gloves, patent-leather boots, and white sun helmet. He "picked his way through the offal of the king's yard to the royal wagon from which descended the king, dressed in a monkey-skin kilt with a strip of blue calico about his loins." Picturesque as he is, however, Lobengula is only a figure in the wings. The center of Mr. Cloete's stage is occupied by Kruger and Rhodes, and the central theme of his drama is the failure of Englishmen and Dutchmen to live together in South Africa.

The Dutch, bucolically simple, asked only to be left in peace to till the earth and enjoy the fruits thereof (with the not unimportant proviso that the sons of Ham should do much of the tilling for them). To achieve this end, they moved steadily north from the Cape, meeting on the way hardships at least as great as those faced by the early Westward migrants in the United States. The English, restless and energetic, came close on their heels, seeking not pasture but diamonds and gold, upsetting the Dutch economy by talk of freeing the African slaves, outraging patriarchal Dutch austerity with the loose morals of the mining camp, encroaching on each new Dutch patrimony alternately by force and fraud. Sooner or later there was bound to be a major clash between these two ways of life. It came with the South African War, when a few thousand farmers, untaught, untrained, and comparatively without resources, for long defied the might of the British Empire.

—*From "Whites and Blacks in Africa."*

"The Dutch asked only to be left in peace . . . to till the earth and enjoy the fruits thereof, with the proviso that, the sons of Ham should do much of the tilling for them."

In this Dutch-English struggle, Kruger symbolized the simple, almost primitive, heroism of the Dutch. Rhodes to some extent symbolized the sordid, grasping character of nineteenth-century British imperialism. He "fixed" British politicians who opposed his schemes; he cheated Africans out of their birthright; he distorted documents; he used fraud; he condoned the use of force even when he did not actually use it himself. He was only symbolic to some extent, however. As Mr. Cloete points out (perhaps not with as much emphasis as an Englishman would have liked) there were many Englishmen who condemned British policy in South Africa both before and during the South African War. And the Englishmen who supported that policy were in some ways almost as simple as the Dutch farmers. "It would have been as inconceivable," Mr. Cloete writes of the men who took part in the Jameson Raid," for them to send the port round the wrong way as for them to send their scouts out the right."

John Hays Hammond, who was associated with Rhodes in some of his ventures, called Rhodes a fascist after his death. Mr. Cloete goes further and makes comparisons between Rhodes and Hitler. To some extent, the comparisons are justified. Rhodes believed of the English, as Hitler believed of the Germans, that "we are the first race in the world and the more of the world we inhabit the better it is for the human race." Again, however, it is only to some extent that the comparisons are justified. The two outstanding features of Nazism were aggression and ruthless destruction of so-called inferior races. Rhodes was a "fixer," not an aggressor; "Can't you square the Pope?," he is reported to have said to Parnell at the time of Parnell's divorce. His great desire was not to destroy other races, but to bring all the races of the world under "a *Pax Teutonica* enforced by a federation of Britain, Germany and the United States." He was, in short, a man of several parts. That is why he is a more interesting character than Kruger, that "magnificent anachronism" straight out of the Old Testament.

Mr. Cloete does justice to both men, and illuminates both with an astonishing wealth of detail and anecdote. Much of the detail comes from recognized authorities and some no doubt from Mr. Cloete's own family connections with Kruger and Rhodes. It may be suspected that he has sometimes drawn on his own imagination when these sources failed. The final result none the less remains an authentic portrait.

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Quarried Out of Life

RAW MATERIAL. By Oliver La Farge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1945. 213 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THIS is the sort of work one would like to read through at one's leisure and more than once (which would be fun too), stopping from time to time to debate a point with the author, to agree with enthusiasm, or to object with passion. It is a very good autobiographic study. And the reviewer's personal interest was not impaired by the circumstance that he is familiar with the pattern and frame of life which Mr. La Farge energetically describes and vehemently takes to pieces, as one who thinks change is in order. But the book is going to attract a lot of people who know nothing and care less about the pit whence the La Farges and their like were digged, because the author's sympathetic understanding and powers of criticism are entirely out of the ordinary. He has thought about the way of life into which he was precipitated and the way life ought to be, practically always lucidly and constructively. If this is his idea of raw material, he must have pretty exalted notions of a finished product.

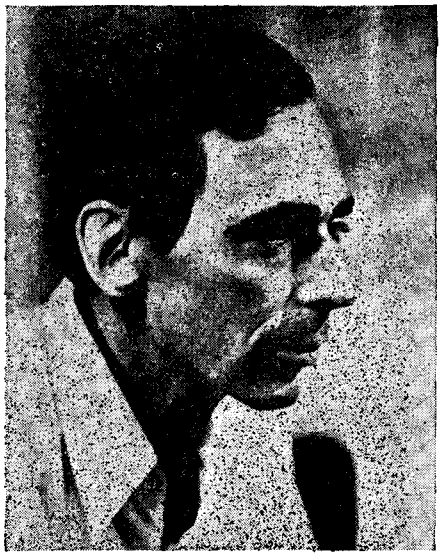
He says himself that his book is not a full-dress autobiography, but it is much more entertaining, suggestive, and honorably self-revealing than a lot one could name. He's remarkably frank about himself, but the confidences of others are safe as for him. One gets the impression of directness. And though the work may start some cackling in the hencoops of the overdomesticated, the possibility need not alarm the right-minded.

Briefly, Mr. La Farge had the environment and opportunities of the fortunate. The grandson of the great pointer, John La Farge, the son of Grant La Farge, the architect responsible for whatever is excellent in the plan of St. John the Divine, he had a lot behind him when he found Groton and Harvard before him. About those two institutions he has a good deal to say. Granting the virtues of such a school as Groton, and only a fool would deny them, he still thinks it odd that for years he should have had nightmares about multitudes of Grotonians congenially engaged in pointing out to a guilty La Farge his multitudinous departures from the Grotonian norm. Individual bullying he points out was practically unknown, but what he aptly calls "mass-bullying," ganging up on anyone faintly eccentric, was almost an unofficial part of the curriculum. The reviewer is familiar with this form of collective amusement—from the receiving end. Mr. La Farge does not exaggerate. What's to be done about it remains unknown at this writing. But if not so fatal as lynching, which it resembles as a checkered adder resembles a fer-le-lance, it is almost as cruel. People who have "their corners knocked off" are oddly enough permanently (and legitimately) resentful, particularly, if, as is not infrequently the case, the corners were capable of being intelligently developed.

Mr. La Farge's twig did, however, get bent for him at Groton, but because of other influences. His mother, an utterly delightful woman, sent him Theodore Roosevelt's review of Henry Fairfield Osborne's "Men of the Old Stone Age." In due course he read the book, and this was sufficient to give him that interest in science which runs neck and neck with his interest in literature. In him the passions are co-equal and complement each other. He went up to Harvard drawn by two exciting horses.

In Cambridge he seems to have had a better time. Rowing excited him, a strange art which he describes remarkably well. And there were other amenities. But there were implanted insecurities still, and he sees himself as engaged in a perpetual effort to "escape" into some world of pleasant unreality. Who doesn't? And perhaps Mr. La Farge's preoccupation with his own "escapism" is not as perfectly convincing to the reader as to himself. We all flinch somewhere. Probably General Eisenhower is afraid of a maiden aunt. Or Stalin in the moment of iron decision is ruthless because of some ineptitude that only he remembers. If we are to judge by the record, it would seem proper to bracket Mr. La Farge with those sensitive persons who can be very ugly customers when pushed around.

After Harvard it was the Southwest among the Apaches and Navajos, concerning whom he writes with judgment, feeling, and penetration. No one has understood better what we do to Red Men or they to us. And if only for the brilliant passages about the Indians of this Republic, as of Guatemala, this would be a book of first-rate importance. The states of mind of men whom our breezy ignorance still characterizes as primitive have seldom been so clearly exhibited, particularly with respect to religion. A philosophic Navajo not infrequently has a more cultivated approach to the religious experience than the possessors of motorcars who write him off as a greasy and illiterate savage.



"There is hardly a page of Oliver La Farge's book that is not alive and kicking."

The book is too varied to take up in detail. But there is hardly a page which is not alive and kicking, whether it deals with the Negro problem, with the psychological gulf between New England and Louisiana (Mr. La Farge taught for a space at Tulane), with a savage episode in the Petty France of New Orleans, with the past we have not yet understood, or with the future whose enigma we cannot read. Sharp perception everywhere finds appropriately vivid expression. And through Mr. La Farge's lens, cañons in Arizona, Mardi Gras masquerades, or unexpected aspects of the unmasked mind appear brilliantly and exactly defined.

One chapter is especially touching in the sight of the reviewer, as it must be for anyone who ever had the luck to fish with Grant La Farge. He had his acerbities, and he had known misfortune, but he was a wise man with a fly-rod in his hand. To go with him through his own woods and waters, whether in the time of the laurel or later when the wild rose literally walls the lower stretch of the Hathaway, was an experience I can remember but cannot get on paper. His son has recaptured it. Let us hope the insolent three-quarter pounder that struck short at the Queen of the Waters is still at the Big Bend.

A few yards above that precinct of excitement the reviewer, after a most successful afternoon, once ran into Oliver La Farge, who examined with flattering and appropriate envy what had fallen to the tyro's rod. It was late, but he went down river, dark resolution in his glance, it is believed in vain. On the occasion of this new encounter, quite different in nature, Mr. La Farge has turned up anything but empty-handed.

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The Fount of Jewish Culture

THE WISDOM OF ISRAEL. Edited by Lewis Browne. New York: Random House. 1945. 743 *pp.* $3.95.

Reviewed by MARVIN LOWENTHAL

ANYONE whose knowledge of post-Biblical Jewish literature is almost a blank will profit from and enjoy Lewis Browne's compilation. Since most of us can qualify as ignoramuses in the field and since the compiler has an eye for the succinct and colorful, the reward derived from this work should be great and the pleasure widespread. Eight hundred pages of "wisdom," though necessarily repetitive and occasionally commonplace, should make their readers somewhat wiser and, if truly conned, happier men.

However, such readers at the outset ought to do Mr. Browne the justice of reading his preface. They will learn that the wisdom promised in the title is "wisdom" in the compiler's own peculiar sense. Taking his cue from the word "Wisdom" as applied by the Jews to such Biblical books as Proverbs, Job, and Ecclesiastes, Mr. Browne has limited its meaning and hence his volume of selections to homely, secular, moral, and hard-headed observations mainly concerned with life about us and our personal relations to our fellow-men. I have no quarrel with this definition of wisdom, though the ancient Jews, whom he professes to follow, would have cocked an eye at it: wisdom, they held, began with the fear of the Lord—which lands us at once into theology and mysticism. Like Humpty Dumpty, I believe that a word should mean what we choose it to mean. But as a result of Mr. Browne's choice, his anthology omits—so far as possible in a predominantly religious literature—everything of a purely mystical, theological, and esoteric nature. It likewise omits history, science, travel, fiction, and law. It apparently tries to omit literature as such—things written and become immortal for their evocation of life or their intrinsic beauty—the book of Ruth or the Song of Songs. Luckily, in the quotations from Bialik and other poets, beauty keeps breaking in.

Furthermore, the compiler has deliberately chosen passages which express wisdom of a "universalistic" nature—thoughts which possess little or no sectarian or folk color, feelings which are common to most of humanity, ideals which are general property. This is a laudable choice to make and one, it so happens, that reflects the compiler's own philosophy; but the upshot is that his book, in great part, contains not the wisdom peculiar to Israel but the good sense of all upright men. Naturally, what it gains in breadth it loses in depth. By appealing to all palates the pages must perforce omit the spice that would make them unique and Jewish.

Taking it all together, Mr. Browne's book is, in intention, quite unlike the volume of companion title, Lin Yu-tang's "Wisdom of China and India," which gives complete or in generous extracts the entire range of Eastern literature, from mysticism to novelettes, from theology to fables, and from philosophy to history and epics. Instead, Mr. Brown proposed to compile an anthology which, drawn from Jewish sources, should have been called "The Ethics of Universalism."

Happily, he failed. The soil which nourished this wisdom, whether the material or spiritual Zion, whether the Palestine of reality or dreams, has permeated these literary distillations as racily though often as subtly as the rock beneath Rheims lends its flinty tang to Champagne or the sun-baked

hillsides of the Rhone rekindle in an Hermitage. Original and valid literature must, like good wine, *sent le terrior*—savor of its native earth. Sometimes, perhaps too often, Mr. Browne's selections measure up to his ideal of universalistic ethics, which is another way of defining moral commonplaces; they leave a taste of pap. The reason for the insipidity of "The Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs," an apocyphal work, and of many of the medieval ethical wills and moral essays is not far to seek: they are not original fermentations but synthetic substitutes. Their chief value—which is to show how to behave but how not to write—can be realized if the reader compares the dullness of the "Twelve Testaments," for example, with the splendor of Jacob's blessing in Genesis, or an ethical will with the Biblical commandments and psalms from which they derive.

Where the soil emerges and the native religious and folk ferment are evident—where a Jew and not a ubiquitous sage speaks to us—the texts arouse our imagination as well as illuminate our understanding. The "Chapter of the Fathers" (usually translated as the "Sayings of the Fathers") even in extracts transports us to the Palestine of the first century before and after Jesus; we overhear the repartee of the sages in the early schools, we delight in their love of antitheses, logical games, and homely similes, and we can feel the intimate bond between their "wisdom" and the life in village and town about them. Listening to Hillel we know we are in the presence not of a parrot but a master. In his selections from the Talmud and the Midrash the compiler—who knows how to tell a good story himself—wisely devotes the greater share of his space to anecdotes and conversational tidbits; the morals, instead of floating in thin international air, are anchored to the shore of Galilee or the cliff overlooking Caesaria.

The selections taken from the period which Mr. Browne calls "Medieval Noon"—roughly, the ninth to thirteenth centuries—mostly bored me. The extracts from Judah Ha-Levi and Maimonides were not sufficiently lengthy or detailed to hold my attention as philosophy; and I am less interested in learning how much these philosophers resembled other medieval scholastics than in experiencing something of the extent to which they differed. Maimonides rendered an imperishable service to the thinking or wisdom of Israel, he likewise served the leaders of Moslem and Christian thought; but it is, I should judge, an impossible task to convey in capsules the sweep of his vision and influence. Judah Ha-Levi should surely have been introduced and represented for what he was: the prince of Jewish poets—as "that man Heine" well knew.

In the period called "Medieval Night"—from the thirteenth to well into the eighteenth century—dawn, for this reader, begins to break, and in what the compiler would probably call the darkest hour. The sayings and tales of the Hasidim—eighteenth-century homespun mystics in the Carpathians—are represented in all their stimulating naivety. Before them, Jewish travelers

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 590)

R. G. DANDRIDGE:*

'ITTLE TOUZLE HEAD

O, Honey Lam'! dem sparklin eyes,
Dat offen laffs an' seldem cries,
Is sho a God-gib natchel prize,
Mah 'ittle Touzle Head

I wis't sum magic wud ellow
(By charm or craf—doan mattah how)
You stay jes' lak you is right now,
Mah 'ittle Touzle Head

*(Canadian Poet)

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in the real rather than the spiritual world, Marco Polos from the ghetto, and Jewish chroniclers of fact and pseudo-history, Froissarts unknown to many even well-read lovers of the past, conveyed in their observations and experiences substantial deposits of wisdom, but wisdom undivorced from the palpable daily life about them. Such writings are, however, on the compiler's principle, omitted—more's the pity. Testaments, plaints, and admonitions, no matter how wise, can never take the place of direct insight into life as it was—and is—for Israel. Still, the attentive reader will sense that the medieval moralists, despite their second-hand phraseology, are faithfully maintaining the content of older and greater days. The force of continuity, which Mr. Browne doubtless meant to demonstrate, is itself an element of wisdom—the "chain of tradition" the Jews call it; and the breaking of it, like the loosing of the silver cord in Ecclesiastes, is a symptom of death.

For many Jews in the modern period the chain has broken. Yet the more sensitive among them, men like Heine and Zangwill, nevertheless bore the mark of its loving grip. Others, like Peretz and Bialik, are carried through the clashing seas of modernity on the ancient current of the Jordan; apparently its power and singular direction remain unspent. Any selection from modern Jewish wisdom is bound to provoke criticism. Paper and presses are so cheap compared to parchment and scribes, the number of writers is so great, their interests are so varied, and their subjects so diverse, it becomes obviously impossible to give a fair or rounded view of contemporary Jewish ethics in 128 pages. I must regret, however, that thinkers like Ahad Ha'am, Bialik, Zangwill, Ludwig Lewisohn, and Jacob Klatzkin (who are quoted on other matters) were not permitted to have their say on one of the burning issues of our age: the ethics of nationalism. Nationalism has become "universal" in its spread throughout the earth; the relation of people to people has become almost more vital to us than the relation of man to his neighbor; and we cannot hear too often the voice of Zangwill and other Zionists echoing in modern terms the national morality and international ideals of Isaiah. Seventeen pages of Yiddish humor could have been sacrificed to the ethical issue of Jewish existence, which is no other than the issue of how all peoples are to live in justice and peace.

But then, any good anthology should challenge its readers to compile another. Mr. Browne's anthology within its limits and because of its provocativeness is very good indeed and deserves a long life.

Japan's Fast-Fading Dream

ASIA FOR THE ASIATICS? By Robert S. Ward. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1945. 219 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by T. A. BISSON

As a consular officer in the American service stationed at Hongkong, Robert S. Ward was a direct witness to the swift collapse which overtook the colony in December 1941. His book conveys a vivid impression of the Hongkong people's consternation as the Japanese armies overwhelmed defenses in three weeks that were claimed to be ready for a six months' siege. The stunning effect of the military debacle, refracted through the quick succession of too hopeful official statements and communiques, is given background and substance by a preliminary evaluation of the personnel and policies of the Hongkong government before the deluge.

The author's prime consideration, however, is with the techniques employed by the Japanese to establish an empire in Asia "for the Asiatics." Before leaving Hongkong on the *Gripsholm,* he had seen the unfolding of a thoroughly planned and ruthlessly executed program for the creation of a new Japanese *imperium.* He was able to supplement the things seen with a file of local newspapers carrying the official texts of the conquerors' enactments, as well as the details of related local developments. During the six months of his internment, the essential aspects of the Japanese program, along political, economic, social, and propaganda lines, were already made fully evident. The pattern revealed with such thorough detail in this carefully documented survey is representative of Japanese policy in all occupied territories. It deserves thoughtful study by those who wish to know what the Japanese were after and what they accomplished. Even in defeat, the author warns, their gains may not be effectively overcome, unless the United Nations display an intelligent and persevering effort matching that which has gone into the achievement of military victory.

Only a systematic analysis of this type, which approaches the Japanese technique of mastering conquered areas with a coolly detached realism, is capable of doing justice to the thoroughness of Japan's planning and the completeness of its practical application. Mr. Ward points out, for example, that the period of anarchy and looting which normally follows upon Japanese occupation, and which has perhaps been too easily accepted as a fatal weakness in policy, is deliberately turned to advantage by those directing the operation. Only a brief period of uncontrolled brutality was needed in Hongkong before the leading Chinese interests, including several outstanding officials of the former British regime, were prepared to assume the "responsibilities" of coöperation which henceforth tied them to the new Japanese rulers. Thereafter, the army gendarmerie took over the task of creating a more "orderly," but not less ruthless, system of security for person and property. Those who coöperated were the beneficiaries of the new order.

An equally ruthless depopulation policy, accomplished through food controls and other means of pressure, was employed to reduce Hongkong's strategic vulnerability. The exodus begun during Ward's period of residence steadily increased until, by the time reconquest takes place, the pre-war population of somewhat less than two million will probably "be found to number not much above five hundred thousand." Those left in the island and its adjoining mainland areas, mostly Chinese, were subjected to a manifold control and indoctrination, not less effective because often indirect. Currency alone, so rigged as to enable only the "coöperators" to salvage some remnants of their wealth, provides an abnormally potent weapon when handled for political ends in modern society. Combined with food rationing, especially in a limited territorial area, it places an unexampled power of compulsion in the hands of a conqueror prepared, as Japan was, to push its program to the limit. Through every agency and every productive activity, in finance, trade, industry, transport, and labor, runs the same unmistakable thread—control and usufruct to the Japanese, subordination and tribute from the conquered.

The writer's major concern is with

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the after effects of the years of indoctrination to which the Asiatic peoples have been subjected. He is not overly sanguine that the lesson of the conqueror's brutality and greed will outweigh other impressions in wide sections of the local populations. In his opinion, even reconquest will not wipe out memories of the overnight collapse of the white man's power in widely dispersed regions of Asia. On this collapse, as on specious pledges of "independence," the Japanese overlords built their intense propaganda drive which used every medium, from press and radio to school and church, to din the message of "liberated" Asia into the minds of their subjects. It will leave a residue, concludes Ward, which can be ignored only at peril to the future.

Scattered over eastern Asia lie enhanced suspicions of the Western world that will provide a much wider ideological basis for a second "holy war" if Japan recovers its strength. The suspicions can be countered by the United Nations, but only through concrete and demonstrable progress in colonial emancipation, buttressed by successful operation of the world security organization and the application of economic policies such as those outlined in the Bretton Woods program. In his conclusion the author also takes notes of the needs of "the people of Japan" in a passage which might well have been put even more strongly, since only a new Japan controlled by and for its people will offer the ultimate guarantee against a renewed test of arms.

Patterns of Eastern Culture

THE ASIAN LEGACY AND AMERICAN LIFE. Edited by Arthur E. Christy. New York: John Day Co.: An Asia Press Book. 1945. 276 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by WITTER BYNNER

AT a time when, allied with one Asian nation, we are warring against another, this compilation of essays on the Orient and what we of the West may derive from its culture is timely and pertinent. At a time when, aided by France, we were warring against Britain, we still respected and cherished the cultures of both countries; and it is well that these considerations of our past, present, and future debt to the Orient deal fairly not only with the cultures of China, India, and the Near East but with Japan's also.

The editor's opening outline of Oriental influence on Occidental literature from the fifteenth century to the present day, as well as his appended "facts and curiosa" of Indian and Far Eastern trade, present material less familiar to the ordinary reader than that dealt with by the other contributors. Widely informed, erudite but not pedantic, Mr. Christy most interestingly traces the arrival of artistic, intellectual, and spiritual values from East to West in the thought and works of such writers as Voltaire, Goethe, Gautier in Europe, Goldsmith, Johnson, Byron, Southey, Landor, Kipling, Dickinson in England, Franklin, Pound in America. He distinguishes between idealization of the "Noble Savage," the supposed simple and primitive man of the Orient, by poets and romanticists and recognition of the "Noble Sage" from deists and rationalists who were deeply impressed by what they knew of the "practical, social-minded" Confucius and his kind. Mr. Christy seems more aware of influences from "social China" than from "mystic India"; but William York Tindall arrestingly and amusingly complements the case by noting under the title "Transcendentalism in Contemporary Literature" the spirit of Indian mystics in Yeats who came early under the dubious spell of Madame Blavatsky and more or less remained there, in D. H. Lawrence who tried to bring from the Upanishads initiation and spiritual exercise for Westerners, and in Aldous Huxley, Gerald Heard, and Christopher Isherwood who brood on the Vendantists near Hollywood. All these cases, he concludes, follow the pattern of "materialism attended with detestation and yearning and followed by theosophy or Hinduism," by "the persisting desire to believe that man's spirit is continuous with a larger spirituality from whose universality are to be derived confidence, courage, and cosmic security."

John Gould Fletcher, spinning the literary tale finer with an account of the effect of Chinese poetry on Imagists, offers more theory than evidence, except in a brief quotation from T. S. Eliot, and much of his essay might better serve as a good chapter in an autobiography than as contribution to the purpose of the present volume. If, as Amanda K. Coomaraswamy points out in his notable contribution, an influence is likely to have been "the more profound the less obviously it can be recognized in outward forms," Mr. Fletcher might more pertinently have considered such poems as Vachel Lindsay's "The Chinese Nightingale" and "The Empire of China is Crumbling Down" than the Japanese rather than Chinese manner of the Imagists.

Lawrence P. Roberts, Director of the Brooklyn Museum, though noting the influence of Japanese print-makers on Manet, Degas, Monet, Gaugin, and Toulouse-Lautrec, as well as on the English Beardsley and our own Whistler and Cassatt, finds Western art hardly touched otherwise by the arts of India, Japan, or China. "Connoisseurs today," he judges, "know more of Chinese art and taste than ever before, but the effect of this knowledge on the artistic life of the West is almost negligible." Mr. Christy had mentioned incidentally, as other American debtors, LaFarge and Saint-Gaudens. Mr. Coomaraswamy's "Understanding and Reunion" deals mainly with the ceremonial arts of dance and drama and their spiritual significance, in contrast to our use of art "for its effect upon our sensations." He observes that "the only drama amongst ourselves that is really what drama means to Hindus, Javanese, or Tibetans "is that of the Mass, performed in church, not as a spectacle, but as a sacrifice." I wonder if he ever saw Pueblo Indians at San Felipe, New Mexico, come into the church dressed as deer after the midnight mass on Christmas morning and dance before the Lord. If so, he might well have believed that These States were natively Oriental.

I have long but vainly urged that American institutions invite Chinese scholars, versed in the ancient ways of Han, to study among American Indians our own most immediate Asian legacy. Mr. Coomaraswamy might have said "an Amerindian" when he says: "An Oriental can readily understand and be moved by a Gaelic folksong or by the Gregorian chant, while hardly anything later than Bach will seem to him music at all." To most Western auditors hardly anything later than so-called Confucian music in China will seem music at all; but Curt Sachs concludes his essay on "The Orient and Western Music:"

> Faced with Oriental music, the world of 1900 began to realize the limitations of Western music. Maybe for the first time, it dawned upon the European musician and critic

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that the great achievement in harmony, polyphony, and orchestration had meant sacrifices in other fields; that the unbelievable riches of modes which the Orient still possessed had burnt down to major and minor; that under the straightjacket of harmonic function melody proper had become a poor connecting link between related chords; that rhythm had become an all too simple time-beating.

Incidentally he says: "All the instruments we have used in modern times once came from Asia."

Importations of a quite different kind are noted in an informative paper on "Our Agricultural Debt to Asia," by Walter Swingle, who states that practically all our cereals, food plants, and fruit trees originated in Asia, as well as all our domestic animals except the llama, "an ill-tempered brute," and the turkey. A cynic might wonder if opium and missionaries were a fair exchange for such benefits; but Oliver J. Caldwell, while admitting faults and weaknesses in some of the missionaries, makes, in "Ties that Bind," an excellent case for most of them as being, through interpretative writing and good works, the "middlemen of friendship between China and America."

William Ernest Hocking in "Living Religions and a World Faith" intimates that our missionaries are taking back to the East what came from the East. When he says, "Whatever forms of religion are alive among us we owe to Asia," he means primarily the Near East; but he summarizes with clear, fine gravity the "prudent pragmatism" of Confucius, the "cure of suffering" through Buddhism, and touches on the tenets of Hinduism and Islam. Granting that "the world views are surely not identical," he does not see them as oppositional. "The ultimate world faith," he believes, "will have to be one in which these differences must be resolved."

Pearl Buck closes the symposium with a balanced "Conclusion," stressing the not dissimilar humanness and common sense of people east and west, the universal basic motive of enlightened self-interest. There's need in the East, she thinks, of more comfort and in the West of more happiness—in both spheres need of interchange. "We are like men digging a tunnel through a mountain," is her apt simile. "We have begun at opposite ends but the goal is the same—human happiness. We ought to meet somewhere one of these days and find that each faces the other's light."

No open-hearted reader could lay down this book and still feel "the white man's burden of superiority" or have any doubt that the white peril and the yellow peril can dissolve in safeguard, golden as the common sun.

Some Corpses on Furlough

To Hania and Gaither Warfield "the world will owe a debt of gratitude for their testament to truth."

CALL US TO WITNESS. By Hania and Gaither Warfield. New York: Ziff-Davis Publishing Co. 1945. 434 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LILIAN T. MOWRER

WHILE I was still living in Germany, late in 1933, a friend of ours, a Junker with an internationally-known name, completed his law studies and reported to a Nazi camp for the regulation six-weeks' indoctrination in the cult of the New Order.

Nazi big-wigs lectured the students on the ethics of "German right" and set them problems to solve. "Now suppose we invaded a large country to the East," they propounded one day, "how should we deal with the native population? We could (a) shoot it down; (b) sweep it out [*wegfegen* was the word they used]. But shooting even with machine-guns is costly and could arouse indignation abroad; yet if we drive the people out we should have hostile masses on our frontiers. Devise a means of dealing with this problem."

Our friend considered such subjects so remote from reality that he enjoined the Nazis to stop talking *quatsch* . . . and in those early days he got away with such an attitude.

"Call Us To Witness" is an account of how the Germans actually settled that problem of a conquered people. Their book gives a heart-searing picture of Poland under German occupation. It is a culmination of all the terror, obscenity, petty meanness, and barbaric cruelty with which the Germans set out to commit "genicide"—destruction of a nation—planned as early as 1933 and perfected in special schools for torture, like the infamous Fort VII outside Poznan.

Despite its unrelieved horror it is a document written without rancor. The authors are gentle people, living in gentle surroundings, Gaither an American subject, head of the Methodist Church in Warsaw, where he had lived for fifteen years; Hania his wife, born in Bory, a village on the Polish frontier, but educated in Western Europe, in Oxford and Cambridge, an ardent pacifist and daughter of a Polish Methodist minister. Alternately, with no pretension to fine writing or emotional coloring, they relate what happened to themselves and those around them. So wrapped up in teaching God's word, and remote from politics, they seemed almost resigned to war when it first threatened them—"we have seen other wars, the world war, the Ukranian war, the Bolshevist invasion . . . we shall pull through this too," they lamented; while Hania's mother (who could hardly tear herself from "Gone with the Wind" long enough to hear Hitler's last defiant broadcast to Dantzig) remarked sadly: "We shall have to defend ourselves. . . . But if only we could hate them it would be easier. . . ."

Hate came slowly as one by one, and then in frightening numbers, their friends and almost everyone they knew succumbed beneath the bestial treatment meted out by the Master Race.

Americans still doubt the authenticity of atrocities: their imagination cannot grasp the fact that Germans, despite their facile sentimentality, have so little individuality that any order, no matter how gruesome, will be relentlessly carried out. The *Herrenvolk,* with rare exceptions, have never been capable of personal responsibility. That was why they were so enraged (and impressed) by the spontaneous courage of the Poles, who under atrocious suffering never once ceased their silent opposition and who, alone in all Europe, produced no single Quisling.

The Warfields, protected by their American passports, decided to carry on with their work as far as possible; but Gaither, fleeing from burning Warsaw, lost his precious document, ran into Soviet troops, and, before he could establish his identity, was deported to a camp in Russia. More than four weeks of grim hunger and privation elapsed before he was returned to Poland. "Few Russians were consciously brutal towards us," he noted, contrasting his aimless captivity and its endless interrogations with the competent manhandling undertaken by Germans in his adopted country.

Shaken by his experiences, he arrived in Warsaw, patched up the bombed and battered Methodist build-

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ing, and, since the Germans forbade all teaching ("slaves do not need to read and write"), turned it into a hostel for outcasts. It was from these pitiful refugees that he learned much of what had happened in other towns and villages: two hundred hostages machine-gunned in Warsaw; eleven thousand Jewish children mowed down in Pinsk; Count von Alvensleben's own little punitive expedition which accounted for thirteen hundred in the hamlet of Jozefow . . . each day brought new tales of horror. Later the Murder Commandos became more expert in the science of extermination: a single line in a Warsaw paper announced that fifty thousand in the Lublin ghetto had been *erledigt*. Though constantly harassed and spied upon by Gestapo agents, the Warfields never refused shelter, or food, as far as it was obtainable, to homeless Gentiles and Jews. Gaither was cautious, tactful, burdened, as were most Americans in Europe, with a sense of guilt at America's continued neutrality yet knowing that U.S.A. entry into war would mean his arrest, and the end of his ministrations; Hania was high-spirited, disdainful of cold and hunger, snapping her compact defiantly under the nose of a German official seeking to intimidate her; retaining her sense of humor.

But after two years of heroic labors the summons finally came for Gaither and he was interned in the notorious Pawiak political prison. His indomitable wife, under permanent police supervision, visited him, smuggling in food and warm clothing which he shared with his less fortunate companions. Her trips to and from the fortress were full of danger, for man-hunts became increasingly frequent in Warsaw; everyone found on the streets was thrown into the Gestapo black van, the men later deported to labor camps, the girls to soldiers' brothels where, after becoming infected, they were flung into ditches and killed with hand grenades, or sent to lethal chambers and incinerated. Yet with such a fate before them when a chance came for repatriation both were ready to refuse at first, feeling that they would be traitors to leave Poland.

"Call Us to Witness" is painful reading, but no one should shrink from such an authentic record. Knowledge of the enemy—and the Warfields are fair enough to include two decent incidents—is the prerequisite to coping with him. Too soon after the last war we forgot what he was like and allowed ourselves to be blandished by his lying propaganda. There is every reason to believe that he will try the same tactics again. To these modest, undaunted authors the world will owe a debt of gratitude for their testament to truth.

Working with the Evacuees

THE GOVERNING OF MEN. By Alexander H. Leighton. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1945. 404 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT OKIN

"THE Governing of Men" might be a pretentious title; actually it is ironic, for Commander Leighton takes it from a Danton quotation: "Oh, it were better to be a poor fisherman than to meddle with the governing of men." And with this wry lifting of the brows the author—a doctor of medicine, a psychiatrist, and an anthropologist—offers an unusual and important book.

Commander Leighton was sent to the Japanese Relocation Center at Poston, Arizona, by the Navy, Office of Indian Affairs, and the War Relocation Authority to do an eminently sensible thing—study scientifically how to administer evacuated Japanese. From this experience comes first the story of Poston and in miniature the story of all Japanese evacuees. He and his staff not only had an opportunity to observe the Japanese as individuals but also the U. S. administrators as individuals. In addition, he was present during a strike by camp members and was able to put this phenomenon under the microscope he had already set up.

In this portion of his book he begins with a chapter entitled "Evacuation" which is at once a fascinating and skilful job of writing and an excellent summary of a complicated phenomenon. By mingling in a single narrative quotations from the Japanese themselves, from the newspapers, and from official documents the picture is effectively painted. Then he studies the Japanese themselves and sets forth one of his major themes:

> These were the Japanese, not one type, not one cultural pattern, but men and women and their children, large and small, fat and thin; the healthy and the sickly; the virtuous and the rascals; of different layers in society, of all degrees of education and all degrees of Americanization and Nipponization.

There are thumbnail sketches of the U. S. administrators, classified into "people-minded"—who looked upon the Japanese first as people—and the "stereotype-minded"—who looked upon the Japanese first as Japanese. Then there is the account of what happened in this "community under stress." The author explores the broader implications of this case history:

> The precedent established in handling the Japanese has direct bearing on the future security and behavior of . . . others. The treatment of one minority is a rip-cord that leads into the affairs of others, particularly during war when there are unusual opportunities for exploiting the labor of minority people, and when the irritations and frustrations of the times easily lead to emotional sprees of aggressive expression at the expense of scapegoats. Such events are dangerously contagious and can spread not only to other minorities, but to groups distinguished because of religious and economic differences. . . .
>
> That the matter is one requiring care and consideration at present in the United States is obvious from the nature of our population and our past record for sporadic vigilante activities. . . .

The first portion of his book is the study of Poston. In the second part Commander Leighton attempts to formulate a "body of constants and laws in human living" based upon what he found. It is an interesting handbook for any governor, one that might well be thrust into the pocket of Americans occupying Germany or planning to occupy Japan. It might be well for many others to read, especially those in this country concerned with lynchings, pogroms, "yellow menace" hysteria, and assorted other social diseases. It would not be fair to pick only a few of these postulates, principles, and recommendations for quotation for they are part of a developed whole. Nevertheless I do think that one recommendation is a wise and timely one for any citizen: "Do not think of people as racial, national or class stereotypes. Think of people as a wide range of different kinds of personalities who possess certain fundamental characteristics in common with all other groups of human beings."

The book was sponsored by the American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations and the dry data of the more limited observers is leavened by frequent references to established commentators on human conduct. And in many places the Commander is no mean hand at turning a phrase himself.

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Strictly Personal

PROTEINS FOR BROMFIELD

COMING down from West Virginia to Washington the other night, I read a newspaper article by Louis Bromfield who has gone from farmer to agricultural expert in less than one generation. The headline read: NEW DEAL POLITICAL MANEUVERING BLAMED FOR NATIONAL SHORTAGE OF PROTEIN FOODS.

The more I read the more I became alarmed about my own plight. Neighbor, I said to the fellow next me who was drinking beer and ruining himself every minute because he wasn't on a protein diet, am I bloated by carbohydrates? Do I exhibit the characteristic symptoms of a man who's behind in his proteins? Will my children be crippled by starvation? This fellow Bromfield here tells me I'm in a bad fix even if I don't know it. "Say, friend," he answered, "don't pay no attention to writers. All writers are nuts. Have a beer and forget it."

But up there in upper two, I couldn't forget it. First, a man can't hardly make a dollar in this country on account of our crazy tax policies. Then if you could make a dollar you couldn't buy anything with it. So if the dollars won't do you any good anyhow you might as well let the Government have 'em. It's getting to be like the lady once said to me in Arkansas: "Help yourself to the applesauce. We've got to throw it to the hawgs anyway." I got out the paper and read some more just to make myself feel worse, like a man who keeps scratching a healing wound even if the more he scratches the longer will the healing take. When you don't get enough high quality proteins, Bromfield says, "physique declines, energy wanes, the brain functions less well, efficiency disappears and the people of a nation become subject gradually to every sort of disease." Look what's happened to the Indians and Chinese, he adds, and if it happened to them it's going to happen to us if we don't look out.

I rang for the ladder and got out of bed. Maybe by morning I'd be so weak I couldn't get out. Then I went to the wash room to smoke a scarce cigarette and think this thing over, even if already I could feel my brain running down like an old handcranked Victrola. I sat there watching the Pullman porter shining the passengers' shoes in a sort of listless way because of his protein deficiencies, and thinking over Mr. B.'s words:

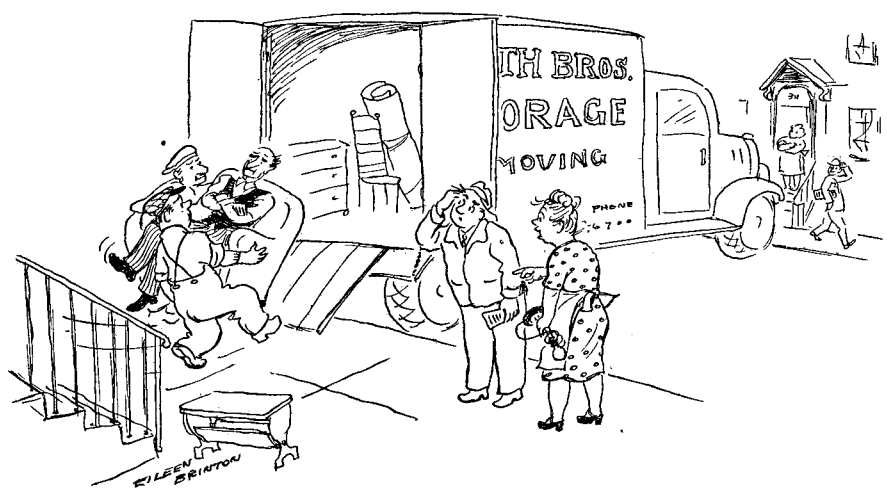
> It seems to me the time has come to place the blame exactly where it belongs—on the radical element of the New Deal which never concerns itself with producing food, but with maneuvering the whole food situation to achieve political and social ends. . . . It is a shocking story.

I figured that this country was made and saved by farmers: such fellows as Israel Putnam, George Washington, and Thomas Jefferson. And here, in the old tradition, is Bromfield standing amid the alien corn of Ohio, chunkin' rocks at the New Deal crows, settin' out bee martin gourds so's to keep the radical element hawks from getting the last dominecker hen, milkin' Ole Bess with one hand and fightin' off the country's enemies with the other, and, in between times, as restless as a blind dog in a meat house, darting from fact in fiction to fiction in fact. There ain't been anything like it in the United States since that other clear-headed thinker, William Jennings Bryan, The Boy Orator of the Platte, let 'em have it right between the eyes with that cross of gold speech which made him the unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency three or four times. Maybe Bromfield ought to let his beard grow until steaks come back, three inches thick and not a streak of New Deal gristle in 'em.

I used to know a farmer down by Burnt Britches Bridge in North Carolina—a good man if there ever was one and as sound as a pre-New Deal dollar. We'd hunt rabbits and birds together in the fall. The old man worked pretty hard so's he could save enough to go up to Raleigh after hawg-killin' time every November to get his water tapped. But I could tell that he'd get to seeing things like most farmers do. I reckon that's only natural when you live out in the open among the wonders of nature. Watching the sun set and the moon rise and the scaleybarks ripenin' on the tree and the squirrels puttin' in an extra large heap of 'em because they know there's an uncommon cold winter a-comin'. So easin' his feet by the fire about two years ago, old Farmer Bromfield hauled off and prophesied himself a prophecy and, in no more time than it takes to order a pair of Boy Wonder shoes from Sears and Roebuck, the people of this country would be dying off like jimpson weeds in the first frost. Dying from starvation because the New Deal had planned it that way.

BY this time, the Pullman porter, his mind messed up by malnutrition, was sitting there shining one shoe black and the other tan. But I knew that wouldn't make any difference because the protein-deficiency passengers wouldn't notice it in the morning. I could feel my own mind wasn't hitting on all four but even if I was too weak to think I could keep on pondering and that's what I did.

Farmers, I calculated, are cantankerous people. Just when you got 'em figured out, they'll turn around and fool you. While old Farmer Bromfield was prophesying starvation and worrying his head off so bad he had to take a tonic to keep himself dragging around his farm, the rest of the farmers, who didn't have sense enough to see that the New Deal had ruined 'em, just kept plugging away out there in the fields. Not knowing what they were doing, they turned out the biggest wheat crop this country has ever had, three in a row, and then just to show how far people can go on ignorance—like the way a chicken with



"Before I married him he said he wanted to be a world traveler. . . . Now he refuses to move around the corner."

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its head chopped off will keep on dancing around—they also turned out about the biggest corn crop we've ever had. They sure made monkeys out of the New Deal boys who had planned to keep 'em from producing—the fellows that Bromfield (and he gets a high price for ever' word he writes) calls "radical lawyers, fresh-water college economists and reformers."

Well, sir, it looked like those ignorant farmers went plum crazy. They had 'em these fine field crops, like I said, but no, that didn't stop 'em. Last year, just to keep their hands in, they had about 120 million pigs and if they could have voted those pigs they'd have throwed the New Deal out because most of 'em was in the Middle West anyway where the New Deal, that tried so hard to keep down production, wasn't none too popular. Then the cattle fellers took out and raised about eighty million head. After that the ladyfolks on the farm and the children, who are pretty ignorant about politics anyway, raised so many chickens that there wasn't any place to store eggs so they had to make hawg-food out of thousands of dozens, while the preachers, who used to get a rooster for Sunday dinner when they visited a church member, ate nothing but fat fryers.

I SUPPOSE there's no need mentioning other little things the people raised like ducks, guineas, and turkeys but I remember reading how every American soldier overseas got one and one-half pounds of turkey for his Thanksgiving dinner and I don't suppose anybody at home begrudged 'em that even if they had to go without and get along on roast pork. As for steak-meat, one of my friends who has a position in Washington working for the Government, told me he heard that the last time General Marshall was coming home from overseas he sent Mrs. Marshall a wire. He was so afraid it wouldn't be plain what he meant that he wired her this way: "Do *not not* serve me steak." So it looks like the twelve million men in the armed services get plenty of meat. Of course we could send 'em corn flakes instead and keep the meat here at home.

At the same time, I see by the Gallup poll that people say they are willing to reduce their rations still further to help those who are starving in other countries, but I don't set much store by that because these people are probably right now suffering from protein deficiencies and don't think straight.

There's one thing though that Farmer Bromfield says that scares me but I'm afraid to know more about it because what you don't know don't hurt you. He says that because "most people living in great cities have been forced onto a protein deficiency diet . . . efficiency among workers has been steadily declining until now it is generally perceptible almost everywhere. Such a diet has a definite relationship to absenteeism."

I reckon other things also have a definite relationship to absenteeism. A girl worker might want to see her boy friend in the next town. The boy friend might want to see his girl in the next town. Maybe people get tired of working all the time and want to go off fishing. People are funny like that. Especially Americans. But it ain't funny to say that millions of workers are losing their efficiency because they don't get enough proteins unless you can *prove* it. Then it would become serious. If Farmer Bromfield has got the facts, he ought to publish 'em right down to the decimal point with names, dates, and places. If he hasn't got the facts there's plenty of magazines will publish 'em as a serial.

It looks to me like Farmer Bromfield is on the order of Old Man J. P. Linsey who was a justice of the peace in Natchez. He was judge, prosecutor, and jury and when he tried a man he always said, "Well, if he ain't guilty he ought to be." The Judge tried people on what he called "general principles" but if a man could afford to appeal, he usually won out because up there in the upper court they demanded proof. You could have the prettiest generalizations there ever was, but if you didn't prove your case those judges would throw it out of court sure as you're born. Some of 'em was well-posted men and they knew what Mr. Justice Holmes of the United States Supreme Court said: "No generalization is true including this one."

Now it was first daylight but I didn't go back to bed because I wanted to be there when the bell rang for breakfast in the dining car. I was going to get me two fried eggs if anybody did. You have to be a clear thinker these days—that's what all the advertisements say—and you'll never catch me down there with sluggish carbohydrate eaters who voted proteins out when they voted the New Deal in.

DAVID L. COHN.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SCRAMBLED NAMES OF DICKENS CHARACTERS

Listed below are the names of fifty prominent Dickens characters which have been fiendishly scrambled almost beyond recognition. If, within an hour, you can unscramble half of them, you've done well, thirty-five of them marks you excellent, all of them you're a genius. Answers are on page 28.

1. ALARC GETTYGOP
2. AMHOST STRADDLE
3. ARIHU PEHE
4. BYTSEE WORTODOT
5. CHARRID VISWELLER
6. CROWDKAF QUESSER
7. CULIE EMATENT
8. CYTAR NAPMUT
9. DENYYS NACTOR
10. DRAWED STOREMUND
11. DREFAL GENJIL
12. DROLAH PLIKOSEM
13. EROS EYMILE
14. GUSUTUSA SADGORNSS
15. HANO YOPPLEACE
16. HONJ SPREJA
17. HURRAT MACLENN
18. INTRAM UZWETZILCH
19. KRAM PLEATY
20. KWISLIN CRABWEIM
21. LARNICOE BRIMBLE
22. LASSI CEWG
23. LEBA CHAWMTIG
24. LILIMAW TRIROD
25. LUPA MODEBY
26. LYLDO VENDAR
27. MANSOPS BARSS
28. MOASHT DDGGRRAIN
29. MONIS PITTERPAT
30. MUSEAL KIKICCPW
31. MUSICDONE FINFOB
32. NAILED PULIQ
33. NUASS PRIPEN
34. RACHELS YADRAN
35. RYJER HENCRURC
36. SEEBYT GRIP
37. SEERTH MOSSMUNER
38. SEJAM FETHERSORT
39. SHEERET GEEFRAD
40. SHELCAR CYEREBLEH
41. SHIJOA UNDERBYBO
42. SLACHION BLINCKEY
43. TENTIAN SMURCLEM
44. THINLEANA NIKLEW
45. THUR PHINC
46. THYRIAC SPIFFNECK
47. VOILER STWIT
48. WINED DODOR
49. YABNARB GRUDE
50. ZENEBERE COGORES

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Humor and the G. I.

ARTIE GREENGROIN, PFC. By Harry Brown. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 212 *pp.* $2.50.

PROCEED WITHOUT DELAY. By Thomas R. St. George. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1945. 181 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by
CORPORAL MAURICE BASSECHES

AFTER an almost undisturbed three-year reign as kingpin of the Army humorists, Marion Hargrove can move over now and make room for Harry Brown. He need not step down for in the popular imagination Private First Class Greengroin probably will not replace Private Hargrove as the ranking GI tanglefoot of this war. Nevertheless, like his creator, this ex-Brooklyn hearse driver is a man to be reckoned with.

In the long months before D-Day last year, Artie Greengroin cavorted in the pages of the British edition of *Yank, the Army Weekly,* to convulse thousands of Americans who also were sweating out what he calls "the English Isle." Through this collection of the *Yank* sketches, Artie's adventures now become available to civilian readers back home.

Although Harry Brown describes Greengroin as a grown up Dead End kid, homefronters can best be prepared for the shock of meeting him by envisioning a GI equivalent of Archie, the manager in the Duffy's Tavern radio show. Pfc. Greengroin also is a man with a minimum of natural endowment and a maximum of aspiration and self-esteem.

Thus while Artie never can rise above the rank of private first class (and very often is busted down again to private) or escape repeated stretches on KP or in the guardhouse, he thinks of himself as a man of "sensitivity and poise" done grievous wrong by the collective malevolence of the United States Army. Despite the machinations of first sergeants and mess sergeants, Artie defends his "native intelligence and charm" and makes plans to meet British nobility, writes poetry to barmaids, and discourses freely on sundry matters of war and peace—all in a devastating kind of Brooklynese that not even Harry Brown will vouch for.

Obviously Artie Greengroin is a fighting man who never existed in toto on land or sea. Through these dialogues with him, however, Pvt. Brown is able to say a great number of very funny things about the Army and the war as it looked in England. It is regrettable that this narrative technique requires too close and careful reading and that its lack of quickness and movement may rob it of a large popular audience. But Pvt. Brown's carefully chiseled sentences and scenes earn him consideration with the best Army writers of this war. Certainly together with his memorable novel last year on an infantry squad in Italy, "A Walk in the Sun," this volume places him at the top of the heap.

Few things in Army humorous writing can touch the best episodes in "Artie Greengroin, Pfc."—Artie in the guardhouse, at the movies, waiting to meet a duchess, cooking Spam and brussels sprouts, giving his views on supply sergeants. These sketches are a laugh-filled mixture of witty lines and character drawing that have a wry flavor all their own. Other pieces —on prose style, ditch-digging, and war weariness—have their good spots, as do even the weaker and repetitious selections. Compared to the peak items, though, the less successful sketches make one wonder once more why publishers to fill out a volume persist in including material that dulls the high lustre of the best in a book.

—From "Artie Greengroin, Pfc."
Artie Greengroin: "Any dope can have a I.Q."

Unlike "See Here, Private Hargrove," which was written for the entertainment of civilians, "Artie Greengroin, Pfc." was written for soldiers. In *Yank* its sketches helped lighten the load of men who were waging war in Europe. Those millions who still must face the long prospect of the war in the Pacific should have this collected version to brighten the dreary days and nights that lie ahead. Harry Brown has skilfully used these sketches to let off many of his gripes about the Army and reading his book can help other GI's achieve the same necessary end. For readers both in uniform and out, then, "Artie Greengroin, Pfc." is one of the "must" funny books of the war.

* * *

Unfortunately the same cannot be said for "Proceed Without Delay." Two years ago, in "C/O Postmaster," its author, Ozzie St. George, came forth as the first serious threat to Marion Hargrove. Appropriately enough the book also was directed at the homefront public. Some measure of its success may be found in the sale of over a half-million copies to humor-hungry civilians. However, the volume did not cut that much reading ice with informed GI's—or with this GI critic.

This, I think, is due chiefly to the fact that Sgt. St. George is not the humorist his publishers think he is. A young ex-Minnesota journalism student, the sergeant draws wonderfully amusing sketches and writes comparatively everyday prose. Showing characteristic wisdom, *Yank* prints his cartoons in its humor pages and runs separately his war reports from the Southwest Pacific. On the other hand, his publishers regard him as a highly humorous cut-up and encourage him to illustrate his synthetic literary capers.

How misguided they are is made clear in "Proceed Without Delay," which takes up Sgt. St. George's noncombat adventures in Australia and carries them through New Guinea to the invasion of the Philippines. While its drawings of usually woebegone and fish-faced GI's remain delightful, its prose continues to limp sadly behind.

This applies most forcefully to the early pages of "Proceed Without Delay" in which St. George tries too hard to be a rear echelon gay blade. He crudely wrings what appeal he can by skirting the edges of sex but he never comes to grips with it. All of this material falls very flat on its face.

When Sgt. St. George turns to more quiet and sincere reporting in the middle of the book, dealing with the Red Cross, and toward the end, covering the arrival of the first Wacs in New Guinea, he is much better. His final chapter, and the only one describing front line combat, on the invasion of the Philippines is the best in the book.

I am sure that even readers who liked "C/O Postmaster" will be disappointed by "Proceed Without Delay." Sgt. St. George would do well to reconsider his role as a writer and attempt to find his level here as ably as he has located his niche as a cartoonist. Should he continue, however, to essay humorous Army writing he would be wise to read carefully the pages of "Artie Greengroin, Pfc."

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NEW ROOM FOR NEW WRITERS

THE major problem that faces the young man and woman who is determined to be a writer today is to find new magazines that will buy their work. Over the last twenty years there has been a heavy mortality in periodicals and the smaller publishing houses that might give a beginner some kind of a living, or even spending money if he lived at home. An apprenticeship, a time to learn his craft, is as necessary in writing as in any other trade. But the steady accumulation of piles of manuscripts and rejection slips becomes insufferable after a time. Hiding them away in trunks or destroying them brings no relief to the growing burden of discouragement and hopelessness. Every addition seems to be another monument to proven incapacity and failure, and cremation or burial are equally depressing. After a year or two of discouragement the pressure to prove oneself in some other way, to get on with living, becomes almost inevitable. The solicitude of parents and the direct or veiled questions of friends are like so many arrows piercing a constantly wounded ego.

As a practical way of getting rid of the self-deluded incompetent who will never learn to write successfully, this dearth of "literary magazines" serves a purpose. But who knows how many writers might have grown to maturity if some of the old magazines had stayed alive, or new ones had taken their place. *Century* and *Scribner's, Everybody's, Munsey's, Dial, The Forum, Outlook, Delineator, Current History, The North American Review, Bookman* have died during the last decade or so, and a host of others of lesser importance along with them. Some of them did not pay very much, but a check of fifty or a hundred dollars coming along now and then and friendly letters from editors who might accept the next story you sent were splendid morale-builders. Best of all was to see your name and the words you had put together in print.

On the whole, these magazines vanished because they were not able to keep up with a changing world, or to find enough new capital to get a fresh start. Sometimes the interests and the audiences to which they appealed were too narrow. The magnificent old *Century Magazine* had given room to some of our best writers and our finest periodical art, but it could not stand the competition of livelier rivals. *Forum* succumbed to the more exciting debates that the radio provided. Perhaps, too, its pro and con articles left the reader in the center without any opinions at all, except the ones he started with. Others, like *The North American,* perished of old age and hardening of the arteries.

The rapid growth of the tabloid magazines may have contributed to the downfall of the old-timers. In terse, catchy journalistic style, the newcomers provided sharp answers to every sort of question that a public that was growing more curious of the world and itself might ask. On the whole, they did not give relief to the kind of young writer we are discussing. Their contributors were either members of the staff or were already professional writers. The experimental magazines still offer relief, like *Story Magazine* and *The Southwest Review,* but many have disappeared that used to publish, like Margaret Anderson's *Little Magazine,* the first stories of authors who are now famous. Some of them paid twenty-five dollars for a story, most of them nothing at all, though they brought recognition to writers whose creative gifts might have died without it.

The young book publisher who in the early twenties and later left the established houses in which they had served to start new ventures brought to light hundreds of first novels that would not have been printed elsewhere at that time. Whether their ventures grew to full size and became solid institutions in themselves, or withered away, they taught the older firms a lesson from which they are still profiting, so that now a young writer with a manuscript under his arm can approach the editors of the largest publishing houses in the country without feeling that he has wandered into an elite and too respectable club or into a busy book-factory.

It would not be true to say today that there is no place for new book publishing ventures led by experienced and ardent men who will discover the young writers and bring their work rapidly to the public. But they certainly need more than ambition and a shoestring for a starter.

With peace somewhere around the corner and with paper quotas lifted, there may be—if there is any foundation to all the rumors—enough new periodicals to supply the needs of a market for literature that has apparently increased enormously during the war. No one should welcome them more fervently than the youngsters whose ambition it is to become writers in the days ahead.

H. S.

The Return

By Willard Maas

FROM out the twilight's evil rumor
Your voice brings the greenest message
Assuring us of love's safe passage
Through wintery country to loud summer.

Celebrate with trumpet and bells
The secret victory, the unknown deed.
Direct the drums and the petulant reed
Make song to the private syllables,

For those who have passed the mined bay
And straits mounted with guns see the towers
Cloud-haloed, the streets strewn with flowers
As if a hero returned in a blaze of day.

The journey was rough and fraught with danger,
The voyagers homesick for the sight of coast,
The log-lit room and the face thought lost,
The eyes unremembered like those of a stranger.

But the dark friendly and the touched hand warm,
As the earth turns in a cave of stars,
And the heart, drained at last of love's old fears,
Lays down its head on the familiar arm.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Congressman Gwinn Defends Dr. Hayek

SIR: For some time I have been intending to refer to your recent review of Hayek's book, "The Road to Serfdom" [*SRL*, May 12], under the title, "The Rising Stock of Dr. Hayek," subtitled, "American Business Has Found a Shining New Prophet."

Your reviewer calls Hayek merely obsolete and "in the new climate of opinion today, almost archaic," in urging freedom of the market in adjusting prices and securing maximum production. Are we not justifying completely Hayek's position and history's lesson now in our failure at planning the prices of beef and butter and sugar? We can't control prices, but our effort is greatly reducing production of beef and creating inflation thereby.

This is an old story of what happens when government, and the corruption incident to the exercise of power by government, attempts to manage the production of food. When government pretends to keep down prices and prevent inflation for the good of the citizens, it becomes itself the cause and the condition of inflation. Planning and controlled prices have nothing but a black record now in everyday experience. Government prices on vital foods have no validity compared to the actual price which mankind calls the black market, the gray market, or some other shade of market. Prices become boss in spite of government in order to encourage production and distribution.

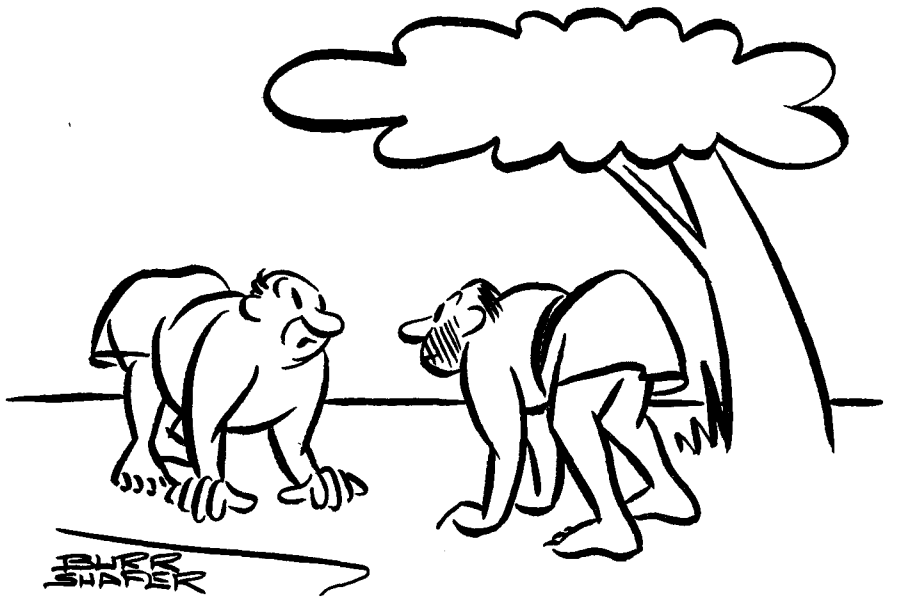
As the Russians say, the scheme is too big at the bottom and too little at the top to work. I recently made a review of beef as the American confirmation of the Russian farmers' experience. The exigencies of war seem to have no real bearing on the case—in war or peace the results will be the same. In war, it is more disastrous to try to plan the price of food, because the greatest freedom is required to accomplish the greatest production.

Since production is paramount, there is no engineering device so good as price.

The tragic consequences of our own shortage of production of food is now dawning upon us in our near food riots at home and our total inability to find surpluses of vital food beyond our own needs to send to the starving people of Europe. The recent speech of Mr. Herbert H. Lehman, Director General of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, furnishes proof of what our attempt to manage prices on beef and sugar and butter at home means in terms of suffering abroad.

RALPH W. GWINN.

House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I was going to walk on just two hands . . . then I decided to hell with it."

Refugee Writers and Fascism

SIR: We do not form any legal corporation; we have nothing in common but our exile and our ardent desire to see fascism perish from this earth. We are men and women from nearly all parts of Europe, Protestants, Catholics, Jews. Some of us are in the early thirties or forties, but most of us well over fifty; some of us had just started their literary career, when fascism began to disperse us all over the globe, while others have many books to their credit. Some of us did pretty well in the New World, learning to master the new language and to appreciate the hospitable country's tastes and customs, while others, who could not adjust themselves to the new surroundings, are yearning back, if not to the fleshpots, at least to the literary markets of their old country. In short, we, the "refugee writers," are a peculiar lot.

Some of us thought they had lost their *raison d'etre* after the Reichstag Fire, others, after the Anschluss, and still others, after the "débâcle." Having escaped to the Western Hemisphere, we tried hard to find a reason why Providence had spared us, instead of throwing us, like the others, into the concentration camps and gas chambers of fascism. We found a new *raison d'etre:* we made it our task to enlighten the good people of this country about the true nature of fascism, to point out, on the basis of our own bitter experiences, the strength as well as the intrinsic weakness of the foe. We gave up our dreams, we became foot soldiers in the motley army of anti-fascism. There were some Americans who nobly paid tribute to our backgrounds, our endeavors, while others labelled us "war-mongers," claiming that it was we—not the Hitlerites—who were hurling the world into another war. We did not argue with the latter category, we simply remembered Wilfred Owen's admonition: "All a poet can do today is warn. That is why the true poet must be truthful." Owen, as you will recall, was killed in action in France a week before the Armistice of 1918.

We, too, lost some of our best men. Kurt Tucholsky killed himself in Stockholm, Ernst Toller in New York, Stefan Zweig in Brazil. Their sensitive natures could not bear the strain. Others perished when the Nazis occupied France which had given asylum to many of us. But many of us lived to see the end of the dictators. We saw Mussolini's empire vanish after twenty-three years of tyranny, Hitler's Reich, which was supposed to last for a thousand years, crumble after twelve years and twelve weeks.

Did the "Cease Firing" signal on the European battlefields indicate that our jobs were finished, too? Shall we be definitely "out of a job" when the guns will be silent in Asia, too? Personally, I do not think so. Fascism did not start abruptly on October 28, 1922, on January 30, 1933, or on any other single day. It was long dormant in the world's soul, waiting for the cunning men who would awaken it and turn it into a Machiavellian means of conquest. Neither did fascism die out on V-E Day, and even on V-J Day there will be plenty of it left.

Let's call fascism by its other, less common name: Injustice, and you will know what I mean. We "refugee writers" will not be out of place when the guns have ceased firing, we will be needed here, in "God's Crucible," to help make democracy work in America!

ALFRED WERNER.

New York, N. Y.

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TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

◆◆ In New York, Simon & Schuster exulted over a contract signed with Capt. Harry Butcher, Naval Aide to General Eisenhower, for a book on the European campaign. This is just the first of an imminent flood of "inside stories" on the war.

◆◆ In Pasadena, two ladies with Harvard accents were overheard in Vroman's bookshop. "Heavens, this heat is enervating," complained one. "Don't forget," reproved the other, "that you're three thousand miles from the ocean."

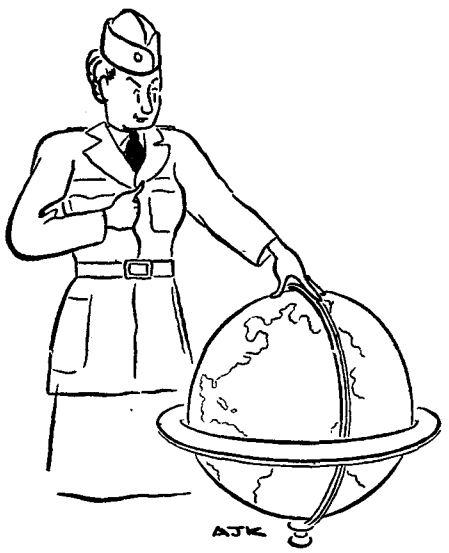
◆◆ In Houston, a sweet young thing ordered a copy of "What Every Young Girl Should Know," phoned the next morning to substitute "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

◆◆ On a transcontinental express, George Dixon bearded an English diplomat-author-lecturer in the diner one morning, demanded, "What do you think of Dumbarton Oaks?" The grudging reply was "I never eat dry cereals for breakfast."

◆◆ In London, Noel Coward gave a prominent novelist the brusheroo. "Last year you raved about him," a companion reminded him. "Ah, yes," said Coward. "First the fever, then the rash."

◆◆ In Baltimore, a well-known bookseller wrote a torrid novel about Havana, "Frenesi," under the pseudonym of Harvey Deakin, confidently awaited some free publicity from Boston's Watch and Ward Society.

◆◆ In New York, the Book-of-the-Month Club announced the following selections: James Ullman's "The White Tower" for September, Sinclair Lewis's "Cass Timberlane" for October, and Evelyn Waugh's "Brideshead Revisited" for some future month. All three are novels, already earmarked for astronomical sales by booksellers who keep their ears to the ground.



◆◆ In Charlevoix, Mich., a summer resident picked up a new anthology of American short stories, found it did not contain Hemingway's "Snows of Kilimanjaro," fainted.

◆◆ In Reykjavik, Houghton Mifflin's most distinguished representative, Dalefjordr Warrenaeyjar, announced that "The Robe" is now available in an Icelandic translation.

◆◆ In Orford, N. H., Charles Jackson put the finishing touches to his second novel, far different in theme from his remarkable "Lost Weekend." This one is concerned with a wounded marine's honeymoon in Nantucket. Jackson is wavering between two titles: "The Fall of Valor" and "So Many Captains."

◆◆ In Paul Pearlman's Washington bookshop, a customer demanded "Paul Gaugin's Prints," was given "Good Night Sweet Prince," by a bemused clerk. When he heard what had happened, Pearlman was apoplectic. "Hold your horses," counseled the clerk. "He just phoned for two more copies."

◆◆ At Los Angeles, Mrs. Louis Peete heard that she had been found guilty of murder, and sentenced to die in the gas chamber at San Quentin. "I am not surprised," was her only comment. She then turned back to the book she was reading: Lin Yutang's "The Importance of Living."

◆◆ In New York's St. Regis Hotel, a publisher invited confreres, authors, and reviewers to an afternoon reception, locked them into the salon, and delivered a half-hour lecture on the future of Continental printing. One squirming bookman, noting the complete absence of anything more potent than tea, and observing the Gotham Hotel across Fifth Avenue, murmured, "Now, I think I understand why that fellow jumped from a window on the sixteenth floor!"

◆◆ In Chicago, Dorothy Parker reviewed Sam Adams's book on Woollcott for *The Sun*. After abusing Adams for failing to appreciate Woollcott's greatness, and dismissing "The Man

Who Came to Dinner" as "a nasty little play," Miss Parker goes on herself to say "Woollcott had stature but it is hard to tell wherein it was. . . . It was not in his writing, that deplorable prose with its dreadful personalizing adjectives and adverbs; it was not in those radio causeries; it was not, God knows, in his critical discernment in which Coward was Congreve, and Hilton, Fielding. . . ."

MISS LEE CARSON, who did a great job of front-line reporting for INS, is responsible for the latest Ernest Hemingway anecdote. The two of them were riding in a jeep in German territory one afternoon when the Luftwaffe arrived in force for some strafing operations. Hemingway ditched the jeep, and he and Lee made a dive for the underbrush, indulging in an extra gulp when they read a sign announcing in German, "This field is mined!" Nothing happened to either of them, however, and when the drone of the Nazi planes had died away, Hemingway said, "Howdya like a martini?" "Quit your kidding," said Lee. "I'm not kidding," said Hemingway—and promptly produced a flask of gin from one pocket, a flask of vermouth from the other. The drink was mixed in Lee's helmet. "Best damn martini I ever tasted," she reports, "and you can have your ice and olives." Hemingway leads a charmed life, it seems, any place but at the wheel of a car in normal, everyday traffic. He had a crackup in London last year, repeated the process some days ago in Havana. Miss Carson's explanation: "I don't think he pays much attention to where he's going." . . .

"I WISH a book was like a play," said Ferenc Molnar when he turned the manuscript of his new novel, "Farewell My Heart," over to Albert Leventhal of Simon and Schuster. "If a play is faltering, all you have to do is slap two words up on the marquee, and everything is lovely." "Tell me the two words," suggested Leventhal, "and we'll put them on the book jacket." "That would not be practical," said Molnar, mopping his brow. "The two words are 'Air Conditioned.'" . . . Marquis James, who captured two Pulitzer prizes with his biographies of Sam Houston and Andrew Jackson, will have his future books published by Viking. Coming in September: "Chero-

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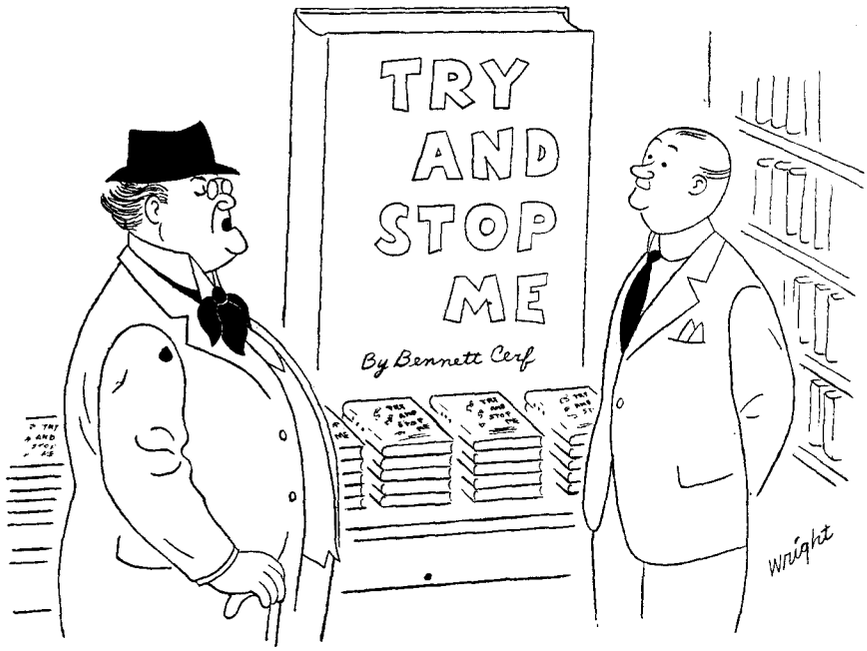


"I should like a copy of 'Try *To* Stop Me'."

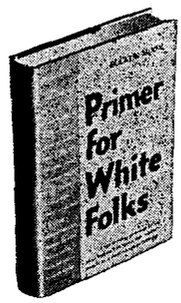
kee Strip," the story of an Oklahoma boyhood. In 1914, James, then a reporter on the *New Orleans Item,* picked his bride Bessie from the same staff, foiling his bitter rival and fellow reporter, Harold Wallace Ross, who now edits a weekly magazine in these parts. "Harold was a nice boy," reminisces Bessie James, "but he would wear creaky, high buttoned, yellow shoes." "Of course," she adds, "that was long before he met Lucius Beebe." . . .

ANYA SETON'S new novel, "The Turquoise," will be published by Houghton Mifflin at about the same time the screen version of her first book, "Dragonwyck," is released. . . . A collection of new sonnets by Paul Engle, called "American Child," is scheduled for November. . . . A wartime note from the Oxford Press: "Lest we forget that there was once a time when books could be manufactured in less than six months, the Oxford University Press goes back for consolation to June 30, 1877. At 2:00 A.M. the printing of 100 copies of the Bible, each containing 1,052 pages, began at Oxford. The sheets were artificially dried and rushed to the Oxford University Press Bindery in London by the 9:00 A.M. express. Here they were bound in turkey morocco, complete with gold lettering and the arms of the University. At 2:00 P.M. ten copies were delivered to the great Caxton Exhibition, which was being opened at that hour with a speech by the younger Gladstone, who declared that Oxford's feat might be called 'the climax and consummation of printing.'" . . .

OVERHEARD AT THE PLAZA: "Keep an eye peeled for Lau Shaw's 'Rickshaw Boy.'" "Longchamps, you said? I thought that was a restaurant!" . . . Abel Green's suggested slogan for "21": "All you can eat and drink for $100 per person." . . . Housing shortages mean nothing to a character like Elliot Paul. On the morning he hit Hollywood, the *Los Angeles Times* contained a single "House for Let" ad in its classified section. Paul called the number given from the station, and said, "I'll take it for six months." Since Elliot Paul is the hero of this story, the house, of course, turned out to be perfect, the owner was charmed into leaving behind his grand piano, and a key to the wine cellar was found hanging on a kitchen hook. . . . Fanny Brice, creator of the immortal "Baby Snooks," was thanked by a marine for the "swell poker chips" she had sent him. "Poker chips!" raged Miss Brice. "Those were cookies!" "That's as may be, ma'am," said the marine. "All I know is that last night I lost eighty bucks with them!" . . . A Hollywood producer famous for unique use of the English language recently startled an associate by announcing, "It's no use trying to bury your head in an ostrich." The same gentleman's newest picture was given a sneak-prevue in Pomona. The morning after, he met a competitor on Wilshire Boulevard and said, "My picture was the most sensational success in the history of the industry. They wept like babies. They fell off their seats with laughter. I never saw anything like it." "Listen," said the competitor, "I happened to be there last night myself." "Oh," said the producer, his face falling. "Well, believe me, David, it's much better now."

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"



FROM THE looks of things it's anthology time around this shop: **Desert Island Decameron, SRO, Autobiography of Science, Speak of the Devil,** and now BUCKLIN MOON'S anthology of writings about Negros called **Primer for White Folks.**

Without your even reading it, the book looks like a good book. **Primer for White Folks** is a title that has a little emotional sting in it and unlike some of the nebulous titles I see around which concern themselves with unleashed natural elements, this title clearly indicates the attitude of the book's contributing writers towards the Negro. White folks could use a primer. As a reader of countless manuscripts which claim intimate knowledge of the Negro and then go on to say that the Negro is just naturally good-natured and devil-may-care and that he was contented in slavery like Old Bill who had a nice smile even when he was ninety-five, I know this to be true. In addition to its title, **Primer for Wihte Folks** is printed on pretty good stock for these times, it is a thick book with lots of pages and words; it looks its $3.50 worth.

But its real merit naturally goes deeper than its counter appearance. BUCKLIN MOON, who is a liberal and a democrat with a small d, has assembled a list of authors and approaches to the subject that are both varied and lucid. The book is composed of three sections: the first, entitled "Heritage," covers the period from the time the Negro left Africa up to the defeat of reconstruction and disfranchisement; the second, entitled "Black and White Mores," is a collection of short stories illustrating and analyzing mores; and the third, entitled "Today and Tomorrow," presents the outlook of contemporary writers towards the Negro, and their thoughts about what can and should be done for them. *Lillian Smith, Wendell Willkie, W. E. B. Du Bois, Carey McWilliams, Richard Wright, Erskine Caldwell, Dorothy Parker, James T. Farrell,* to mention just a few, make this book democratically worthwhile.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

SOME HITS, RUNS, AND ERRORS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *John Mason Brown is on vacation. This is the first of a series of six guest columns to be published while he is away. The author of Seeing Things this week is Richard Maney, one of New York's best-known theatrical press representatives, whom Abel Green of* Variety *calls "Broadway's most literate 24-sheet."*

IT was a playwright of consequence, a veteran dramatist fat with fame, who approached co-producer Russel Crouse as the curtain fell on a preview performance of "Arsenic and Old Lace" at the Fulton Theatre back in January of '41. "When do you open?," asked the sage. "Tomorrow night," said Crouse. "Too bad! Too bad!," sighed the swami. "If you could keep it out of town for a couple of weeks more you might have something."

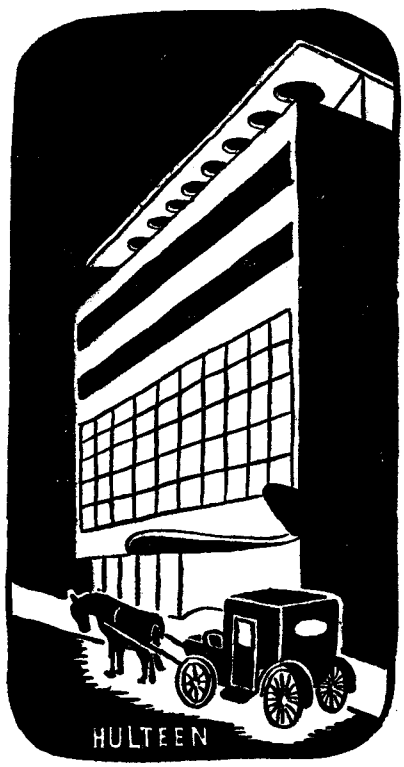
No less an actress than Helen Hayes flouted the suggestion of author Emlyn Williams that the role of Miss Moffat in "The Corn Is Green" might provide her with a long and happy engagement, add both to her stature and her treasury. Although Ethel Barrymore had the greatest success of her long career in that same play, she rejected it vehemently and unconditionally when first she read it. The Theatre Guild, John C. Wilson, Guthrie McClintic, and the Brothers Shubert were remiss in kind. All dodged its production, thus escaped the onus of paying income tax on half a million dollars, the sum netted by the eventual hero, Herman Shumlin.

This same Shumlin was chagrined when attempts to find actresses to play the two schoolmistresses in Lillian Hellman's "The Children's Hour" found all the name players chary and aloof. Weren't the two characters stigmatized by the suspicion of lesbianism? Goodness! And gracious! And hell's bells! None of that nonsense for them!

When the rash Michael Myerberg was making a house-to-house canvas in search of funds that he might animate Thornton Wilder's "The Skin of Our Teeth," half the solvent managers in New York slammed the door in his face. Myerberg was as mad as an adagio dancer if he thought that he could find an audience for such gibberish. He had Tallulah Bankhead, Fredric March, and Florence Eldridge in the cast? So what, so whatted these invincibles. They would only make the failure all the more expensive. Even angel Howard Cullman shied away from it, thought the plot was too much like that of "Life with Father."

"Oklahoma!"? As late as the New Haven tryout of that bonanza the austere Theatre Guild, unnerved by seasons of disaster, was trying to raffle off fractions of it. There were few bids and those reluctant. Among those who scorned the chance to be partners of the Guild in this mint were Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein. Remember them? They were, and are, the authors. "Angel Street"? In the London original called "Gaslight," it had a fitful run in the West End and the cognoscenti were all for having Shepard Traube confined as a mental case when he essayed its transplanting in New York. A fifth of it went under the hammer the night before it opened, and it went for a song, a pittance, or whatever metaphor you care to brandish.

The thousands who hold that Wilder's "Our Town" is the best play yet written by an American, do they recall that the play's two-week preliminary in Boston in desperation was



pared to one because the citizenry of that cultural depot avoided its theatre as they would a charnel house? A play without scenery? What heresy! As well tackle a grapefruit without a spoon.

If the foregoing evidence would seem to indicate that the bigwigs of the theatre and its devout attendants are far from infallible, consider the case of Roland Young. Mr. Young is one of our more adult and articulate players. Deft in his humors, suave in his stage deportment, it is his misfortune and that of his adulators that rarely has he inhabited a stage hit. Exercises on the wireless, skirmishes in sloven screen colossi, these are his lot if not his due. So what did Mr. Young do when Brock Pemberton sent him the manuscript of "Harvey" with the suggestion that he might be rescued from bilge did he agree to share billing with a congenial rabbit?

You know what he did! Five-foot-seven Mr. Young didn't care to compete with a six-foot hare. Helen Hayes's reason for ducking Miss Moffat was of like kidney. The role had been created in London by Dame Sibyl Thorndike. A vast and statuesque lady, Dame Sibyl! And Miss Hayes is smallish! Their disparity in tonnage curdled Miss Hayes's judgment. Had she ignored the nuances of avoirdupois it is not unlikely that she would be playing the indomitable Welshwoman to this day. Miss Barrymore would still be touring in it had she not adjourned to dice with "Embezzled Heaven." Boxcars! "Angel Street" eked out three years. Very good eking.

The prophet of doom who solaced Crouse on his lack of caution, is he chastened by the knowledge that "Arsenic and Old Lace" played for three years and a half on Broadway, that it is in its third year in London, uninterrupted by blitz, Brendan Bracken, or V's one and two? Two unknowns, Anne Revere and Katherine Emery, rushed in where their betters feared to tread and as the tragic teachers of "The Children's Hour" won both bays and bravos in what at least one cove thinks is Miss Hellman's best play. "The Skin of Our Teeth"? Currently it is rewarding Vivien Leigh in London in the role of the eternal Lilith, permits the intrusion of an anecdote indicative of how the theatre-goer behaves when confronted with a play which veers from convention.

It was a young Junior Leaguer, or some such, who challenged her escort at ar. intermission during the play's engagement at the Plymouth. "I agree with Miss Bankhead," said this addled belle. "I haven't the faintest idea of what the play's all about. Have you?" "Oh, yes!," replied her pilot, "It's a play about the human race, its trials

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THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

A New Musical Play
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Jan Clayton, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Christine Johnson, Jean Casto
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille
Bob Kennedy • Joseph Buloff • Evelyn Wyckoff • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

THE NATIONAL COMPANY
OKLAHOMA!
NOW—Forrest Theatre, Philadelphia

"BEST MUSICAL IN YEARS."—Lyons, Post
BLOOMER GIRL
NANETTE FABRAY • JOAN McCRACKEN • DAVID BROOKS • DOOLEY WILSON
Music by HAROLD ARLEN
Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
Based on the play by LILITH & DAN JAMES
SHUBERT Theatre, W. 44th St. (AIR-COND.)
Evgs. 8:30. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30

Drama Critics Award YEAR'S BEST PLAY
Eddie DOWLING & Louis J. SINGER present
LAURETTE TAYLOR and EDDIE DOWLING in
THE GLASS MENAGERIE
A new play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
with Julie HAYDON • Anthony ROSS
PLAYHOUSE THEA. W. 48 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

NEW YORK'S NO. 1 MUSICAL HIT!
ON THE TOWN
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and triumphs throughout the ages." "Oh!," sneered this Dulcy, "Is *that* all?"

If the judgments of players and producers, playwrights and public are tarnished with inaccuracies, ventilated with heresies, so, too, are the pronouncements of those powerful, if often daft, magistrates, the critics. On the whole they are only in agreement in the conviction that the librettos of all musical shows are appallingly dull. Some are afflicted with vertigo, some with distemper, others with congenital jaundice. Some have Eugene O'Neill confused with Steve O'Neill, manager of the Detroit Tigers. At least one belabored a vaudeville show because it lacked social import. Another, viewing a ragged revival of "Show Boat" on the lagoon at Jones's Beach, ventured the opinion that it might be worth a Broadway trial.

Perusing the joint appraisals the day after the dedication of a play the sensitive reader, seeking guidance, is stunned by their conflicting reports. While one would lynch the author, another would canonize him. X hails the ingenue as a second Modjeska, Y thinks it was a sorry day when she escaped from the scullery. The morning reviewer thinks the settings show the influence of Gordon Craig; his evening colleague, the hand of Hammacher-Schlemmer. Few of them have the candor of Max Beerbohm when he wrote: "My whole position (as a critic) is unfortunate. When I am laughing at anyone I am generally rather amusing, but when I am praising anyone, I am always deadly dull."

Do these conflicting diagnoses, these professional errata, prove that the theatre is an asylum, its varied practitioners lunatics whom it would be well to apprehend? A thousand nevers. It is because the theatre shuns the formal sanities of other crafts and trades, flies in the face of profit, hides in the closet when opportunity bangs on the door, permits of late hours and too long vacations, that it is the envy of the humdrum, the earthbound, the unfortunate who have been cursed with frustration ever since first they bawled Richelieu's malediction into the teeth of their classmates.

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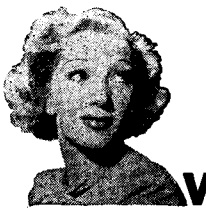
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Exploration Inside a Cauldron

JOURNEY THROUGH CHAOS. By Victor Alexandrov. New York: Crown Publishers. 1945. 437 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HAROLD FIELDS

EVERY now and again, the consciousness of man is brought back to the fact that greater than the casualties of war are the tragedies that befall the next generation after a war. For those that die, a war is over; for those who follow after, the war goes on. We contemplate academically the billions that wars cost and the consequent taxes, the lives that are lost and the hopes and careers thus ended, the cities that are razed and the loss of anchorage to the destinies of their citizens, the changes in political structures and the ultimate effect on the human estate.

But greater than the devastation in this Pandora's box is the wrong done to the next generation that is still in its nonage while yet the war is going on. What war does to these pre-adolescents is vividly and harshly traced in the first part of Mr. Alexandrov's book. The story of the two years of his life, when he left his aristocratic home in Russia to escape the rising tide of revolution, constitutes a sordid tale of the brutalities that he and others of his age were exposed to. Forced to flee from their homes, these boys and girls joined a gang of roving, raping, robbing youngsters. Like a band of wolves, these teen-age children scoured the land for food and safety. War mocked and strangled every standard of decency they had been taught to respect. Life, even for those only ten and twelve years of age, had become hard, crass, selfish, grasping. Gone were concepts of culture and kindliness, of morals and humanity; in their place were the codes for the survival of the strongest and of the most brutish. What the first part of this book serves well in picturizing is how the souls of children are seared and how they grow up ready for more wars because of the bitterness and disillusionment in their beings.

—*Werner Steglineyer*

Victor Alexandrov's is a "unique recital of why men were stirred to fanatical support of the Nazi movement."

To pre-Nazi Germany the author—still a boy—is taken. Again history rears its ugly head. For with the Brest-Litovsk and Versailles Treaties signed, Germany is already preparing for war. The lessons taught in German private schools emphasize how universal throughout that country was the preparation for World War II. The indoctrination of brute rule, the harsh discipline of the classroom, the lessons on Germany's reascendency to power (not over France, but over the world), the horrible beatings given to the weaker students—these were but blueprints for the concentration camps, the invasion corps, and the SS troops. After months of incarceration in this pseudo-educational prison, Alexandrov escaped and reached Paris. In later years he returns to Germany until finally he is forced to flee for fear of his life.

His explanations for the growth of the Nazis, as seen by one who mingled with those who formed the ranks of that party, are vivid. His is no restatement of the causes of the rise of National Socialism, but rather a story that tells how the movement attracted the younger men and women who came from the ranks of the unemployed. There is a unique contribution here in the recital of why men joined and, having joined, were stirred to fanatical support of the Nazi movement.

France irritated him as much as did Germany. Again, as in Berlin, he mingles with others—this time with his fellow-students at the Lyceé-Michelet—and is shocked at their obtuse indifference to the threatening clouds of war. There is no question but that up to the first of September 1939, when Germany invaded Poland, and Great Britain and France joined hands in war against the Reich, there was a lack of reality to Continental politics in the countries touching upon the Atlantic. Feelings were discrete rather than united; loyalties were partisan rather than national. Among them, and in sinister fashion, fascism was moving ahead at a rapid rate, capitalizing on—as well as organizing—these divisions, while gulfs between the rich and the poor were becoming deeper

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and wider. Alexandrov's picture of France, on the several occasions when he was there, is that of a country torn by selfishness, greed, insincere officials, and an excess of playboys on the one hand, and a group of earnest, courageous, and far-seeing patriots on the other. But in this melange, the voice of the latter group was drowned in the noisome political orgy.

Somewhere in the course of the author's travels—I find myself somewhat dizzy because of their extent and the frequency of his movements—he stowaways aboard a ship heading for Poland (if you must know the reason, it's because of a girl) and is arrested on landing. The reception he is given by the police is strongly reminiscent of Valtin's story, "Out of the Night"—beatings, third degrees, solitary confinement, and vermin for company. In due course, they release him.

Then on to Greece he goes, landing as a prisoner charged with having been an agitator on board a Greek ship. Between that day and the one years after when he leaves the shores of Greece as a high official and foreign correspondent for the Kondylis government after its defense against the efforts of Venizelos to come back to power, there is an absorbing tale of politics and counter forces. Fascism is making itself increasingly felt. The author notes the ever increasing number of German "tourists" heading for Athens. He mingles with the man on the street and begins to doubt whether the Greeks ever can achieve democracy by themselves. He is given an important post in the war against Venizelos, and later finds it better judgment to leave because of the growing influence of the Nazi party.

Like the Wandering Jew, he goes on. He touches England and is struck by the unawareness of its people of the impending doom. He returns to France and accepts a new job that takes him to Spain as the agent of a munitions king; here he finds himself shocked by the duplicity and the willingness of French capital to sabotage the Loyalist cause.

The book tells of sufferings as a member of crews on Greek, French, and Portuguese ships. It traces the lot of the miserable workman throughout Europe and closes its pages with the embarkation of the author for America—and Hollywood—where he now is.

But no review of this book would be complete that failed to comment on the needless references to the brothels that the author introduces as he travels through cities and countries. And yet, unnecessary though they are, they cannot rob the book of its Odyssean character or of its interesting portrayal of life in the 1920's and 1930's on the European continent.

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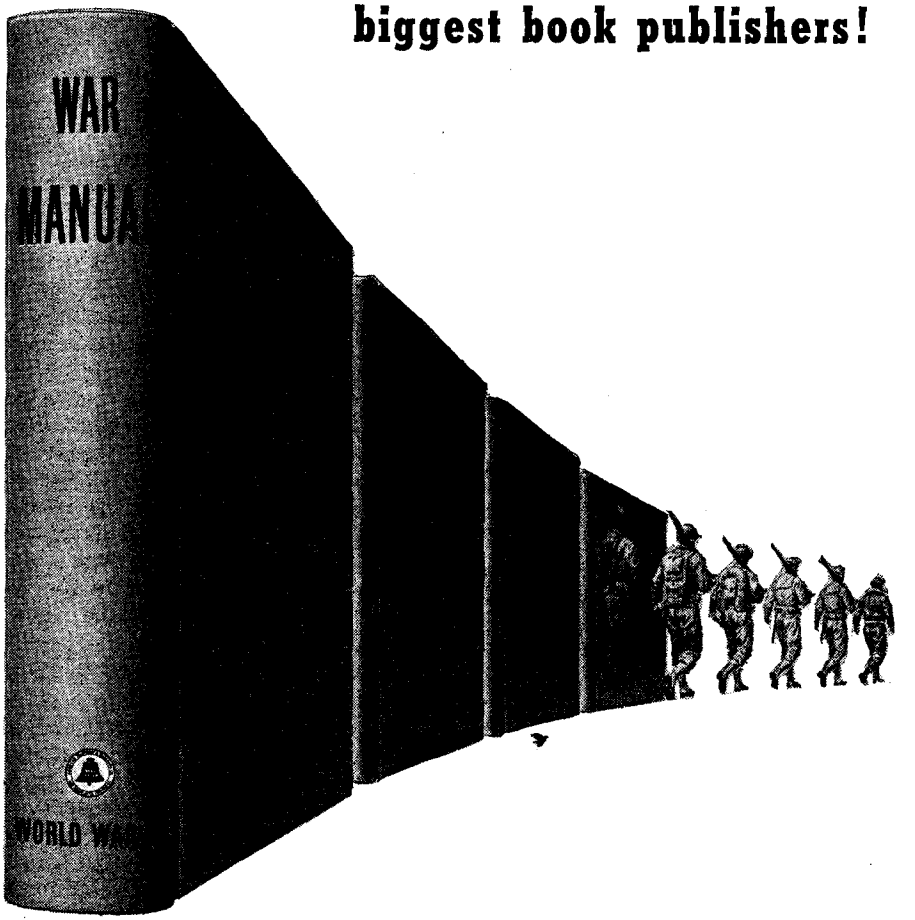

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Salvation for the West?

THE ANNIHILATION OF MAN: A Study of the Crisis in the West. By Leslie Paul. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 214 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

THAT happy day for thinking people when social crises could be explained in a single word seems to have disappeared. It was so easy in the twenties and thirties to subscribe to the personal devil theories of capitalism, Bolshevism, warmongering, "merchants of death," or what have you. The answers to all problems were at hand, neatly packaged and with the return address labeled Marx, Freud, Darwin, or Pavlov. But recent events have made us wonder, have made us think that these answers were only partial ones, that valid realizations can be reached only by much more groping through a darkness only partially illuminated by these beacons. This book with its terrifying title reflects the current questing that is going on in the minds of men, and in this case it is doubly significant since it comes from a man at war.

Leslie Paul is an officer in the British Army. In civilian life he was poet, editor, novelist, writer on social and economic affairs, and founder of a youth movement. By his own testimony this book is the result of a tremendous compulsion "to think out afresh my view of society and my duty to it." To this thinking-out he brings an informed mind and a humanist's sense of values. The data with which he deals are the historical ideas and happenings that have characterized the thirty-odd years since the beginning of the First World War.

He examines in particular the political actions of Britain, Russia, and Germany and comes to the conclusion that much more important than the political and economic issues at stake were the moral conflicts. Moral forces are as real as economic forces "even though they may not appear to give birth to bales of cotton or forests of bayonets." He dissects the isms of the day—capitalism, fascism, Marxism—and finds in them a common rot of materialism. Fascism, he finds, is essentially the result of materialistic concepts of our day. To the long but by now familiar list of German ideas and personages responsible for the madness of Nazi-ism—the Hegels, the Wagners, the militarists, and the romantics, the Wandervogel, and the guilt of Versailles—he would add the Marxists who by their doctrinaire attitudes were hoist on their own petard before the war broke out, and the scientists who insist that only in their canon can truth be found. Mr. Paul is dealing with the basic conflicts that plague our century. His thesis is the ancient truth that man cannot live by bread alone. It is, too, the observation so frequently made that a socially and individually effective ethos must be buttressed by an intense belief or faith.

Briefly and scathingly he examines the extravagant claims of modern science and dispatches them neatly—a little too neatly—by reducing them to absurdity. On the heads of the men of science, physicists, psychologists, and economists he heaps his scorn for their arrogance and his contempt for their annihilation of the uniqueness and individuality of man. It would be unfair to give the impression that Mr. Paul is an anti-intellectual who refuses to accept the truth of the sciences. Rather he would deny any suggestion that science is the sole custodian of truth. For he insists that poetry and religion have claims that must be recognized and that to eliminate these for the purely mechanistic explanations of man's behavior is neither valid nor safe. A strictly materialistic interpretation, be it economic, behavioristic, or any other that sees man as not much more than a bundle of reflexes is intolerable. From such an exclusive interpretation of self, people, and nations will turn in horror. The Germans reached for a paganism to protect them and mixing it with current materialism destroyed themselves and mangled the world.

Salvation for the West, in Mr. Paul's estimation, can only be found in a return to the values of the Christian tradition and that tradition in turn must strip itself of literalism—its own concession to the materialism against which it is the West's strongest bulwark.

Whether this solution to our ills will be accepted remains to be seen. In any event, Mr. Paul will make his reader conscious of the most grievous problem facing us, the reconciliation of material progress and that vital but nebulous thing called the spirit. He will not be the first, of course, and we certainly hope not the last to wrestle in print with this age-old dualism. Perhaps he exaggerates some of the evils he sees. Perhaps, too, some of his interpretations are a little too pressed. But they are closely reasoned and forcefully stated. They probably will be attacked by Marxist and positivist.

If so, his attackers had better be ready with convincing moral equivalents. For Mr. Paul cannot be dismissed as certain novelists have been recently with the sneer words, "Hollywood Buddhism."

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Angels and Demons in London

MR. ALLENBY LOSES THE WAY. By Frank Baker. New York Coward-McCann. 1945. 262 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

LIKE Mr. Baker's previous novels and like some of the works of Anatole France, "Mr. Allenby Loses the Way" is difficult to classify. It begins as a fairy-tale for adults, but soon turns into a novel of ideas. Admirers of "Miss Hargreaves" and "Sweet Chariot" will find here the same daring inventiveness; however, since the story is laid in London during the year 1943, they will also detect a soberer note, as if some of the author's former gaiety had been bombed in the blitz. Nevertheless, his peculiar wit, even when bitter rather than humorous, decorates every page, and the reader is constantly titillated by graceful writing, provocative suggestions, and an audacious juxtaposition of improbables.

The *deus ex machina* of "Sweet Chariot" was an angel. Mr. Allenby's *daimon* masquerades as a fairy, though actually he is a practising psychologist, a cross between Havelock Ellis and Mephistopheles. The relations between Mr. Allenby, a simple Hampstead newsagent, and this odd old man, Humphrey Nanson, are mysterious and complex. Since Allenby's identity cannot be clearly established—he knows little more than that he was a foundling entrusted for a time to a kindly guardian and that he ran away from Scotland after the death of his protector—it is quite natural that he should wish to learn the details of his birth and family; and since Nanson's profession involves bringing to light the subconscious memories and desires of men who are queer or unhappy, his role as Allenby's fairy godfather is not as extraordinary as it may at first appear.

But there is much more to all this than any reader could possibly guess, and the threads of the plot, deftly unravelled here and there throughout the book, are knotted together to form a consistent pattern only at the end. Meanwhile one is kept in exhilarating suspense.

Along the way we repeatedly encounter the idea that no power exerted by one man or one nation over another can bring abiding peace, that coöperation is a menace, and that a man must work out his own salvation alone. There is also a certain preoccupation with the thought that every warring nation considers its own cause righteous and that the line between war and murder is a tenuous one.

The difficulties of persons holding such views during the last few years are obvious. Allenby, the typical "little man," rushes out of doors during an air-raid shouting "Stop this beastly slaughter," is promptly buried under a mass of debris, and from that time on his opinions are charitably ascribed to shock. He finally reaches the conclusion that he must lose himself completely in order to discover Truth and that if everyone followed his example and went off alone for a long time, anywhere, anyhow, making a clean break with our cruel and stupid civilization, there would be hope. Nanson too distrusts "the vultures" who sat "on a magic carpet at Teheran" and believes there is no way of using power except to an evil end. Yet Nanson, although he fears the possibility of immortality as others fear the possibility of its absence, also walks out on life. Indeed the very personal solutions of the world's problems offered by Allenby and Nanson may seem to many readers no solutions at all.

However, even if one dislikes a novel of ideas that pretends temporarily to be a fairy-tale, even if one finds none of the characters in this book wholly credible, even if one disagrees with some of the judgments bubbling from the author's inexhaustible spring, these pages will none the less offer the mature reader mental refreshment of a superior quality.

I'm 52, She's 21. The red-headed girl, the dancer. She attracts everyone on shipboard — I've watched it — the waiters and the captain, all the men. And yet I have the manic conviction that she loves me better than anyone else in the world, and that she will only express this love by killing me. Surely an obsession. Yet... There's no use pretending. I quite simply fear for my life.

So writes the narrator of **Farewell, My Heart,** *the new love story by Ferenc Molnar, distinguished author of "The Guardsman" and "Liliom." Price: $2.00.* SIMON AND SCHUSTER.

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Molnar, Connoisseur of Life

FAREWELL MY HEART. By Ferenc Molnar. Translated by Elinor Rice. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1945. 211 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

DEATH from illness is not a particularly popular subject with novel readers. Yet it is to be hoped that this story about death and love will find its public. For it is one of the most poignant and least sentimental love stories to appear for a long time. The author of "Liliom" is still the author of "Liliom."

A middle-aged Jewish-Hungarian journalist of no obvious distinction leaves Europe shortly before the outbreak of the war. He is all alone in the world. On his trip to Genoa he runs into a girl half his age. She, too, is a Hungarian on her way to America's haven. From the very first moment, Edith forces herself on the man. But an inexplicable feeling of impending disaster prevents him from accepting her unashamed advances, as though trying to meet Love once more in his life were to invite Death.

This sounds pretty much like Viennese *fin du siècle* literature. Probably the Hungarian's apprehensions will make little sense to the youngest generation; their debunking matter-of-factness in sex relations, together with an oddly contrasting neo-Victorianism, has small use for an alleged connotation of love and death. On the other hand, some readers will say that Mr. Molnar in portraying his heroine has but used the aged harlot-with-a-heart-of-gold cliche. But in spite of her miscellaneous flirtations Edith is far from being a harlot; nor has she what one would call a heart of gold. What prompts her to take care of the man when he falls ill in her New York hotel room seems to be a primitive female possessiveness, an unwillingness to withdraw from the hazards of life, and an almost lascivious desire to add passion to the agonies of the patient. Incredible? Yes—as "incredible" and novel as any original fictional creation.

If it were not for Mr. Molnar's lightweight style (which has its undeniable charm), one might even use bigger terms for this smallish book. "Farewell My Heart" is a refugee novel; but to my knowledge it is the very first of the genre which presents refugees as being subject to "ordinary" human sufferings—grafted, as it were, upon their peculiar predicament. The mutual impact on each other of the hero's émigré loneliness and the common loneliness of man in the face of death is one of the finest things in this tale.

It is by no means a gloomy story. Mr. Molnar is a worldly-wise connoisseur of life, skeptical, witty, and even mordant, sophisticated, and thoroughly enjoying his own sophistication to boot. Take, for instance, his protagonist's relationship to the attending physician: he shows that delicate link as seen from below, from the horizontal position of the sick man. "I tried to determine whether the doctor was frightened or not, in order to figure out whether my condition was dangerous. He wasn't. Later I realized why he wasn't frightened. Because it wasn't he, but I, who was having the heart attack." Clearly, the author knows a lot about illness, its despair, its hopes, and its superstitions—and this, too, is a distinction in our age of religious confidence in medical science.

Of course, the successful playwright Molnar has a hand in the twisting and turning of the plot. To my taste there is something too much of it, as there is of those shifting lightning effects that on every other page hold out a new promise. Mr. Molnar knows extremely well how to sound the full depth of a human heart; yet at times —as, for instance, at the bewildering ending—he gets impatient and prefers to take to a tempting short-cut. But short-cuts or not, his book will prove highly rewarding reading to any mature reader. Miss Rice's translation is excellent; you never feel it as such.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Clara Peggotty. 2. Thomas Traddles. 3. Uriah Heep. 4. Betsey Trotwood. 5. Richard Swiveller. 6. Wackford Squeers. 7. Lucie Manette. 8. Tracy Tupman. 9. Sydney Carton. 10. Edward Murdstone. 11. Alfred Jingle. 12. Harold Skimpole. 13. Rose Maylie. 14. Augustus Snodgrass. 15. Noah Claypole. 16. John Jasper. 17. Arthur Clennam. 18. Martin Chuzzlewit. 19. Mark Tapley. 20. Wilkins Micawber. 21. Cornelia Blimber. 22. Silas Wegg. 23. Abel Magwitch. 24. William Dorrit. 25. Paul Dombey. 26. Dolly Varden. 27. Sampson Brass. 28. Thomas Gradgrind. 29. Simon Tappertit. 30. Samuel Pickwick. 31. Nicodemus Boffin. 32. Daniel Quilp. 33. Susan Nipper. 34. Charles Darnay. 35. Jerry Cruncher. 36. Betsey Prig. 37. Esther Summerson. 38. James Steerforth. 39. Therese Defarge. 40. Charles Cheeryble. 41. Josiah Bounderby. 42. Nicholas Nickleby. 43. Ninetta Crummles. 44. Nathaniel Winkle. 45. Ruth Pinch. 46. Charity Pecksniff. 37. Oliver Twist. 48. Edwin Drood. 49. Barnaby Rudge. 50. Ebenezer Scrooge.

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Mr. & Mrs. Miller

ALL OUR LIVES: ALICE DUER MILLER. By Henry Wise Miller. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1945. 229 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IT is difficult to be the husband of a woman of distinguished intellect. One can properly call Alice Duer Miller's name distinguished, even though, as her husband, Henry Wise Miller says, "Her stories were, with hardly an exception, love stories, tales of romance and of youth, adventure in an uncharted world," and her last essay into verse was a mere retelling of the fairytale of Cinderella, in which I was exceedingly disappointed after having read "The White Cliffs." But one can, for all that, properly call Alice Duer Miller's mind distinguished. Not because she was that unusual thing in a woman, a brilliant mathematician, not because she wrote light fiction with honesty and the ability to be diverting, but because, with the handicap of "social position" (as it is amusingly called) and being "born to the purple" (which seems to impress her husband more than she was impressed by it) her mind was constantly adventuring and seeking; it ranged far and wide; it promoted her sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men and women. She was a remarkable human being, a woman of independence and self-created character, as well as of breeding and cultivation. That Mr. Miller manages to convey this in a book which is necessarily an intimate matter, and in which of necessity he sometimes seems to depict a paragon —or "a great lady," as he likes to put it—is a compliment to his own honesty. Also, he has amusingly preserved his own independence, though sometimes at the risk of placing Harry Miller rather too much in the foreground. Of the extent of his admiration for his wife, of course, and of her work, and of the depth of his feeling, there is never the slightest question.

Alice Duer Miller must have been a delightfully companionable person. Though she was, as the saying goes, "born with a gold spoon in her mouth," she worked her way through Barnard, encountered poverty before she was thirty, and had her share of this world's discomforts. Her latter years were, it is true, full of ease, with some luxury; but she worked hard at her writing, lived vigorously, and was a woman of many activities and many friendships. In the Woman Suffrage Movement she was the most brilliant of its propagandists. After the last war, she became a member of what Mr. Miller calls "a large, brilliant and roisterous gang" of intellectuals, journalists, and public entertainers: Bob Benchley, Charley Brackett, Dorothy Parker, George and Beatrice Kaufman, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, the Swopes, the Pulitzers, Heywood Broun, Alec Woollcott, Harpo Marx, Irving Berlin, Franklin P. Adams, were some of these. Mr. Miller speaks of them as a "hardboiled lot of top-notchers." It was a great array of sparkling talent, at any rate. Mrs. Miller's wit could hold its own with theirs, and her charming, generous nature made them all love her.

In the beginning of this book there is much of old New York and old Morristown and old Newport, of the period of "Life with Father." The Day boys were close friends of Harry Miller's, and one of the most amusing anecdotes and diverting quotations—is of the Day family and the ice-cream! The structure of the book leaves something to be desired, and the best way to read it is to pick it up anywhere and simply run from one thing to another. There is much to amuse, some snobbishness peculiar to an earlier day, a great deal that is gay and human, thoughtful and loving. Sometimes the discussion of serious matters becomes a bit portentous, and the law is laid down rather too flatly on Mr. Miller's part. Once in a while a name comes out queerly, as when one hears of Josephine Dodge Daskam Bacon as "Josephine Dascom Dodge." The style is a trifle spasmodic, and the "caste of Vere de Vere" (we are told that the name Duer was originally De Vere) is occasionally stamped rather emphatically upon the page. These are minor matters. The story concerns two well-bred, well-read, cultivated people who lived gallantly and, on

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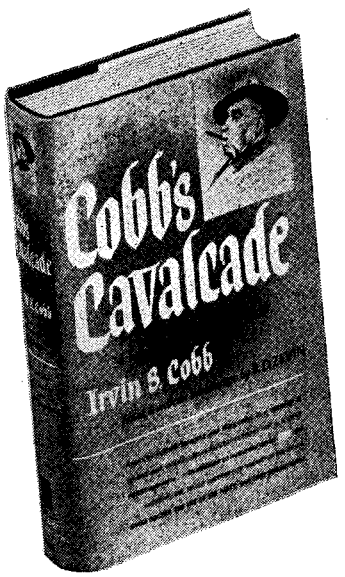

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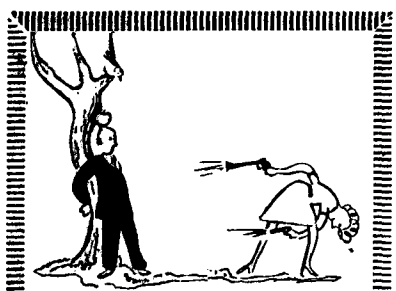

Arab and Andy Blake
are at it again in

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the whole, intelligently; and the end of the book is truly moving because obviously a true reporting of the last days of a brave woman. This is the story of happy living, and Mr. Miller says "I have been a very lucky man."

As to Alice Duer Miller's place in the world of letters, it does not seem to me necessary to subject her work to the most searching appraisal. Concerning her verse, wherein her last best work was done, I am of Walt Whitman's opinion, that "The poetic area is very spacious—has room for all—has so many mansions." She wrote some good verse. When she wrote

> Only unchanged the patterned stars endure,
> As when they first assured or threatened man,
> Still Vega glitters, crystalline and pure,
> Still like an angry eye, Aldebaran

she was incontestably writing poetry. Her famous lines

> I am American bred,
> I have seen much to hate here—
> much to forgive,
> But in a world where England is finished and dead,
> I do not wish to live.

expressed so perfectly how many Americans felt toward England when she stood alone against the crushing and evil might of Germany, that it is no wonder "The White Cliffs" has sold almost a million copies. Mrs. Miller was a good craftsman in verse, as she was in her short stories and novels; and with "Come Into the Kitchen" and "Gowns by Roberta," she entertained the many. She was a modest woman, and would not have claimed for her writing more than she thought it deserved. She wrote as she liked and what she liked. She also did pot-boilers. One of her recreations was as a passionate fan of the great American game of baseball. This book has individuality, human-ness. It is in no sense profound, but it is about two engaging people who had a great deal of fun out of life.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THEY WERE SEVEN *Eden Philpotts* (Macmillan: $2.50)	English clan gathers to exterminate wealthy relative. Then he dies of poison. But who did it? Even Scotland Yard is flummoxed.	Long, leisurely, irritating—but uncannily effective. Great deal of good writing and characterization and an amazing delayed solution.	Museum piece
MIDSUMMER NIGHTMARE *Christopher Hale* (Crime Club: $2.)	Murders on country place near Grand Rapids, Mich., satisfactorily solved by detective French.	Atmospheric tale of family hatreds, with likable cast of characters, including a U. S. senator, a seasoning of romance, and plenty of swift action.	High grade
I SAID THE FLY *E. X. Ferrars* (Crime Club: $2.)	Gasfitter's discovery of pistol beneath floor of English flat connected by Insp. Cory to girl's murder.	Oddly effective job . . . with slightly unfair solution. London bohemian life before blitz vividly described.	Good
MURDER BY PROXY *Bettina and Audrey Boyers* (Crime Club: $2.)	Fatal fall from cliff of woman acquaintance involves wife of a successful author in successive Hollywood plots. Sleuth hovers in background.	Completely wacky yet entirely engrossing tale of Hollywood and its strange denizens. Murder is almost secondary but there's action to burn!	Odd—but readable!
EXPERT IN MURDER *Charles L. Leonard* (Crime Club: $2.)	State Dept. man murdered in Cairo as Paul Kilgerrin arrives to help him solve sabotage plots. Then things begin to pop.	Exciting espionage-murder yarn, with exceptionally good "atmosphere," ample action, and some neat detecting.	Good stuff
SHADOW OF A CRIME *John Rhode* (Dodd, Mead & Co.: $2.)	Accidental death of British motor-cyclist turns out to be murder. Dr. Priestley leads his cohorts to solution.	Expertly worked out bit of deduction . . . good hunting for puzzle solvers but otherwise pretty slow.	Soporific

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Conscious Determination in Poetry

PREFACE TO MATURITY. By Selwyn S. Schwartz. Prairie City, Illinois: The Press of James A. Decker. 1944. 77 *pp.* $2.50.

COMMUNICATION. By Arthur Steig. New York: International University Press. 1944. 48 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED KREYMBORG

THE need of expressing a moral view of the world we live in has become the growing concern of more and more American authors, whether their medium is prose or verse. This view has particular interest in the work of younger authors coming to grips with a social sphere well nigh destroyed by an older generation twice in a given century. Both global wars had to be fought by the youth of all nations involved and, after the first war, youth had little or nothing to say about peace and reconstruction, whether social or economic, national or international. The mood was therefore one of despair and disillusion as the older men or statesmen fell into the perfect mess which led to the present war. One thing is certain this time: the returning youth is clear-headed and infinitely keener than the youth of a former generation, or what Gertrude Stein called The Lost Generation. He will not take to drinking this time, but to thinking things through. And to giving them critical or creative interpretation.

"Preface to Maturity" and "Communication" are significant titles and augur well for the conscious determination of their respective authors. Selwyn S. Schwartz's book is his third in the past three years, Arthur Steig's his first, but the latter opens with the ignoble depression of 1932. Schwartz, the Chicago poet, has a richer, more musical vein, and the New Yorker a sharper edge: the one is romantic and metaphysical, the other satirical. Yet the undulating images and rhythms of Schwartz reveal reality while the scalpular weapons of Stein reveal the idealist. Both men are moralists searching esthetic shape for their ethical findings and beliefs. Schwartz, after benefitting from the influence of Williams, MacLeish, Cummings, and Patchen, and the larger and broader influence of the authors of the Old Testament is now more original than Steig who is still under the influence of Pound and the Imagists. But the themes in Steig are more varied than Schwartz's themes and delightfully biological in more ways than one. His pet abomination is the bourgeoisie, as in "Charity Benefit":

Now, an hour past the appointed hour,
She makes her entrance, tiara'd,
Iridescent, without breasts;
Her festive laughter
Fluttering upon the play.
Her husband follows, black-vestured
belly in the van,
A Siegfried in the money-market.

Selwyn S. Schwartz has the power of composing consistent metaphors through a single poem or group of poems with many a warm and surprising variation. The round of Adam and Eve, of the family, of domesticity, is the center from which he views time and space and the wars and peace of nature and mankind. He speaks of soldiers as "hasty zeros," Abel's "young and condemned . . . harvesting all the failures of Cain." And in Soldier Boy":

Little boy, nothing has been said about
your fear;
the sky projects your growth and in
this sudden blackout
ghosts foresaw the naked stars that
will skin you alive.

Your voice buried deep in toys (the
year uncatalogued),
and yet the cruel clock of war's evening answers:
each hour falters, autographs your
lean gaze.

I tell you past the impersonal sanctum
of high scholars:
fear breeds hate and death brings no
taste of godliness,
yet count the saints, while ogres strike
your day.
I am tired of your retouched photo
under glass,
of your cinema orbits where flamingos
sleep,
of your uncomplaining grave, politely
adult.

What people are saying about Jerome Frank's new book

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NORMAN COUSINS, *Editor, The Saturday Review of Literature:* "My hat has always been off to Jerome Frank, but after reading *Fate and Freedom* it is lost somewhere in the stratosphere. This book is a rich and varied intellectual feast."

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the Phoenix Nest

WHEN Eva Le Gallienne was awarded the Medal for Diction at the annual exercise of the American Academy and the National Institute of Arts and Letters this spring, one of the most graceful things she did was to speak of her father, Richard Le Gallienne, the poet, several of whose lyrics remain imperishable. And in an old scrapbook just the other day I found Le Gallienne's review in 1918 of "Posthumous Poems by Algernon Charles Swinburne," edited by Edmund Gosse. On rereading, it struck me as one of the most astute appraisals of Swinburne I had ever read. Recognizing him as the greatest lyric poet in the roll of English poetry, Le Gallienne, nevertheless, points out with exactitude just where the weaknesses lie. Here is a passage, for instance, unusually sage:

> Perhaps the main defect in Swinburne's poetry, that which accounts for the monotony of some of his more successful work, lies less in the lack of thought, that "fundamental brain power" on which Rossetti insisted as the basis of great poetry, than in the sameness of its imagery. Alike in metaphor and simile Swinburne is strangely limited. Flames and flowers, sunrises and sunsets, fluctuant tides, stars and thunder, winds and rains and snows, snakes that hiss and writhe, light and darkness, trumpets and blown hair and staggering moons: to these he is almost entirely limited for comparisons throughout his poetry, and some concordance-maker might make an interesting count of the number of times these poetical properties are made to do duty in his work.

Well said! But, though in the same article Mr. Le Gallienne deplores it, Swinburne himself, in this book, appears with the best parody of himself —or one of the best—ever written:

In my poems, with ravishing rapture,
Storm strikes me, and strokes me, and stings;
But I'm scarcely the bird you might capture
Out of doors in the thick of such things.
I prefer to be well out of harm's way
When tempest makes tremble the tree,
And the wind with armipotent arm-sway
Makes soap of the sea.

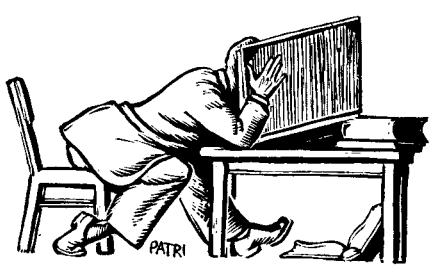
Le Gallienne also quotes Swinburne's delightful squib concerning James Abbott McNeill Whistler:

Fly away, butterfly, back to Japan,
Tempt not a pinch at the hand of a man,
And strive not to sting ere you die away
So pert and so painted, so proud and so pretty,
To brush the bright down from your wings were a pity—
Fly away, butterfly, fly away!

* * *

Ruth R. Missal of 28 Strathallan Park, Rochester 7, N. Y., writes that "The poem which Mr. Anthony W. Urban requests is called 'Concerning the Common Man,' and is by Irwin Edman. It appeared in *The New Yorker* for March 18, 1944." And Mrs. Alene De Ruff, Loan Librarian of the University of Nevada Library in Reno, Nevada, wishes to know if any of my readers can identify the following quotation [we have been unable to locate it through the ordinary sources and I think it may be fairly new]:

> On the plains of hesitation bleach
> the bones of countless millions
> who at the dawn of victory sat down
> to rest and resting died.



Writes George Lawrence Parker, Yale '97, from Carver, Massachusetts:

> Your "Ballad of Three Score" in *S.R.L.* of June 16 is a Refresher Course. And fine. Even Seventy is not the age to be retired, but the chance to be re-treaded. But my main point is to ask you to look at and commend to *S.R.L.* readers, if not contrary to your policy, "You Are Younger Than You Think," by Dr. Martin Gumpert, Pubs.-Duell, Sloane & Pearce, N. Y. It's whole thesis is your line, "Humans grow younger as they grow older," and he, in a book not too large, makes good style and good reading in showing the wasted asset when mankind puts 65 or thereabouts as time to quit. E. G.: James Rowland Angell was going rather strong when our beloved Yale retired him at 68! A good youth to you as you grow older!

* * *

Frederick J. Gillen, attorney at law in Lawrence, Mass., doesn't seem to have much use for modern poets, but sends me a parody from the pen of F. B. Tiffany, Harvard '77, that appeared in the *Harvard Advocate* in 1876. It is called "To My Queen," and is a take-off of the catalogue tendency in the great Walt Whitman. Speaking of "the not impossible she," the poet concludes:

Once found, I'll be willing to serve
her till I wear myself to a skeleton,
Like galley-slave, plantation-nigger,
coolie, cash-boy, maid-of-all-work,
To serve her as boot-black or maker,
watchman, groom, footman, butler,
Undertaker, hair-dresser, corset-maker, dentist, ladies' maid, or what not.

Such was Humor Oldstyle! If you treat poets well it will be to your advantage, at least according to Howard Praeger, Captain of Ordnance, Washington, D. C., who retails to me the following anecdote:

> Literary criticism does pay! My wife, Polly Praeger, who edits technical publications for Ordnance in the War Department, discovered recently that one of the typists had written a poem. Polly took it home, worked on the meter, made some changes, and returned it. A few days later the grateful poet brought her a present—a half pound of butter!

* * *

And, to end with Swinburne, as I began, do you recall how miraculously Swinburne could imitate the Border Ballads, and Gosse's story that when William Morris, near his death, was planning with a friend a Kelmscott edition of the best border ballads, and grew unequal to the work, the friend suggested Swinburne as editor.

> "Oh, no!" answered Morris, "that would never do. He would be writing in verses that no one would be able to tell from the original stuff!"

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 109

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 109 *will be found in the next issue.*

W MNHZYEGLWK TCXNMK-

FNKD GO OECV DC FCXN, AND

VBNK CKLN GK FCDGCK, GDO

F C F N K D Z F Y N L C F N O

GMMNOGODGYEN.

—QNRRNMOCK.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 108

LAFFING IZ THE SENSATION OV PHEELING GOOD ALL OVER, AND SHOWING IT PRINCIPALLY IN ONE SPOT.

—H. W. SHAW

—COMICAL LEXICON.

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THE NEWSPAPER STRIKE

(Continued from page 7)

Its headquarters at 63 Park Row, former home of the famous *New York World,* consist of a shabby 1½ rooms in contrast to the plush suite that the publishers maintain at the Waldorf-Astoria for their strike publicity staff.

The radio speeches by Edwin S. Friendly, publishers' chief spokesman, were too self-righteous in tone to appeal to the strikers, and left them cold. The only broadcasts that got over to them were Mayor LaGuardia's adjurations, but these had an effect contrary to their intent. When he told the strikers that they were being misguided in a "stubborn, silly, idiotic defiance of the government," and implied that their leadership was neither honest, sensible nor intelligent, they were merely sore and cussed him out.

Meantime, the routemen had adopted as their own the slogan first made famous by John L. Lewis and his Miners, "No contract, no work." Their solution to the strike: to sit down directly with the publishers to re-explore and re-arrange a new agreement, or to turn over the entire muddle to a private, not a Government, arbitrator. But since the WLB is the ultimate arbitrator in wartime's labor-management affairs, it was doubtful that it would agree to this procedure, the more especially since the union's affront to its authority and prestige placed both at stake.

To gain support for their position, the publishers sent emissaries to Governor Thomas E. Dewey, who was spending a day in Manhattan. They urged him to make a statement on the strike. "If I did that," he is reported to have said, "I would have to castigate both sides—I would have to say 'A plague o' both your houses.'" At this juncture, the emissaries departed, and the Governor went to a ball game. But perhaps the final word belongs to Pfc. George Oliver, a former routeman, and strong unionist, a veteran of seven landing assaults in the Southern Pacific and a wearer of the Purple Heart with two clusters. Honorably discharged from the Army, he went last week to the *Journal-American* to get his old job back and to see his old pals. He found the strike going full blast, with strife and bitterness mounting, with violence in the air as the dispute began to transcend its original issues and become a symbol of "capital"-"labor" struggle and antagonisms.

"For Christ's sake," he said, "is this what we come back to—is this *It?*"

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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(Continued on next page)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 33*)

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

CONTINUING Miss Tompkins's narrative:

A DC TALE

Dedicated to E. S. K.

Mr. Ladislaw sat under a tree on a slope of Mount Wachusett while his playful griffon gamboled at his feet. Orts of the two dozen grosmichels he had just eaten (his appetite would startle Pantagruel himself) stained the broad expanse of his plastron. His passion for this nutty fruit, containing as it does only a minimum of ergusia, showed itself in his bleared and watery eyes. He heaved a heavy sigh as he thought of his faithless dowsabel, Etarre with her lintwhite hair, then picked up his rocta, that rare old instrument, once owned by Bishop Hatto himself in the happy years before he became the dainty fare of rats, and now fallen into the possession of our hero for the price of a few paltry obols. Holding the instrument awkwardly anconad, he strummed a melancholy tune. As he played his face grew sadder; he thought of himself as a lonely person in a tragic world of bitter wars with its daily battles more terrible than the Bullruns of an earlier war. "The Newness only," he whispered to himself, "can put man to rights and enable him to haul off to the winds of peace. But, alas, the chances that he will do so are even stephen, to be as optimistic as possible." Then he straightened his shoulders, threw back his head and murmured, "it's an evil age, but we must be stoical, remember that sin is deeply enrooted in the heart of man, and that improvement will come only inchmeal."

Our friend J. T. Hatfield, Evanston, Ill., was instrumental not long ago in securing for the Unitarian church of which he is a prominent member, a rare set of Holy books, 24 volumes in excellent condition, "Sacred Books of the East," edited by Max Muller, Oxford University, dedicated to the then Marquis of Salisbury, later Prime Minister of England. These books are to repose next to the Christian Bible in full view of the congregation.

A Decennial DCer not thus contained in our lists is the Rev. Franklin Joiner, Rector of St. Clement's Church, Philadelphia, these past twenty-five years. Wherever he has chanced to be in his travels, the DC has been included in his weekly mail. Speaking of our quotation from Struthers Burt: "Philadelphia, Holy City," Dr. Joiner supplements it by one from the same book referring to his church: "Although there are only about fifteen thousand professing Quakers now left within the actual limits of the city, the Quaker strain is a strong one, no matter how long the bearers of it may have gone to Mass or to such High Episcopal institutions as St. Clement's."

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 591

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 10 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Former title of viceroy or governor of Egypt.

B. Somewhat rough to the touch.

C. Youth blinded by a dryad for failure to keep his promise (Gr. Myth.)

D. That which strongly attracts.

E. American pianist, composer, conductor of N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony childrens' concerts (1876-1939).

F. A witch; a devil-may-care person.

G. English antiquarian who presented the nucleus of the Oxford Museum bearing his name (1617-92).

H. To thrust out; to issue (2 wds.)

I. Unclean; filthy.

J. American woman poet (1856-1935).

K. The Russian secret political police under the czarist regime.

L. Ornamental knobs; bosses.

M. Reproved reproachfully.

N. Inevitable results; unavoidable penalties.

O. Novel by Sinclair Lewis.

P. A nurse, esp. a wet nurse (Oriental).

Q. Handsome tanager of eastern Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia.

R. Spread by rumor or report.

S. A freethinker, esp. in religion (Fr.)

T. Thriving; prosperous (Comp.)

U. Verse romance of about 1350, basis of "As You Like It"; also Chaucer's intended "Cook's Tale."

V. Releases from a sealed or pent-up state.

W. Not capable of being drawn out at length.

X. Deprived of the power of sensation or motion.

Y. English landscape painter and etcher (1849-1913).

Z. Pastoral by Spenser on death of Sir Philip Sidney.

WORDS

76 115 127 167 134 55 99

27 14 153 56 49 78 81 122

46 82 161 3 102 117 184

40 138 13 19 61 98 116 90 54

38 88 157 140 143 110 51 173 43

2 83 96 58 26 75 168

65 79 169 70 94 28 152

32 22 80 44 85 103 108 154

39 18 105 48 166 149

119 17 59 67 145

47 126 151 176 128 148 97

9 180 62 174 89

5 171 72 33 20 104 136 120 60

63 24 182 36 141 71 179

64 10 130 21 92 177 159 101 68

34 139 165 16

66 144 162 87

135 172 163 142 106 50

170 100 146 73 181 150 95 31 123 1

112 8 156 57 41 121 77

6 147 160 175 29 35 42

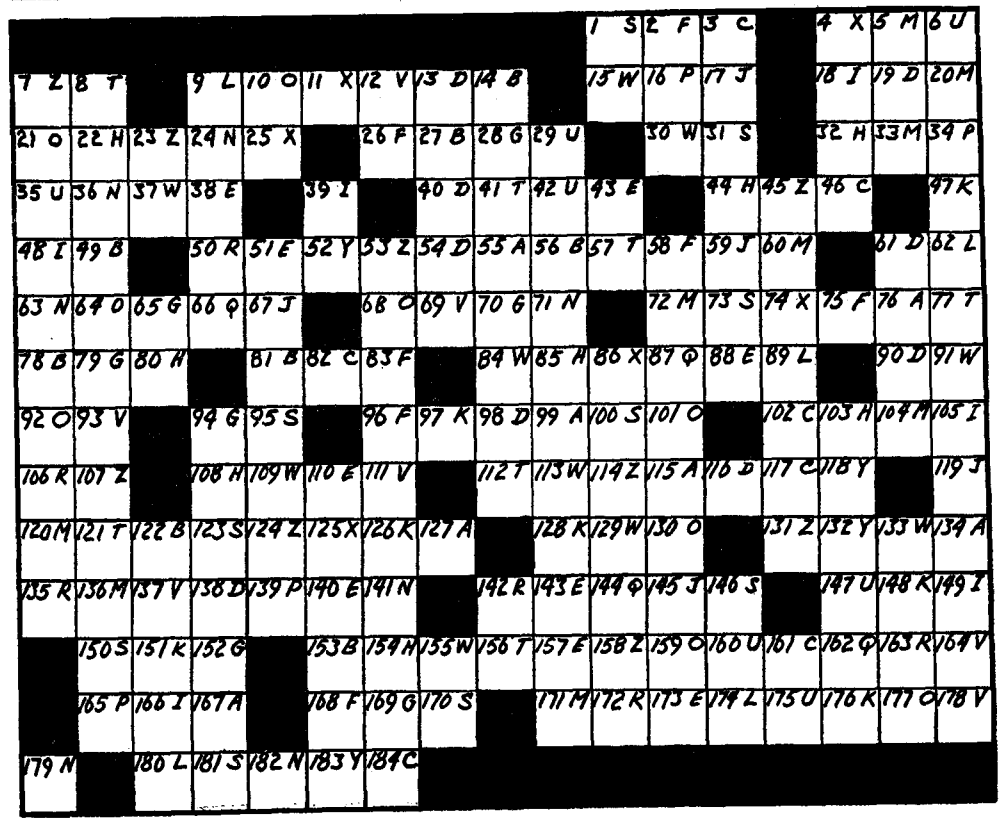
178 12 164 69 137 111 93

155 129 30 37 109 84 15 113 133 91

125 11 86 4 74 25

183 132 52 118

158 107 114 23 45 131 53 124 7



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★

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5. Contestants may submit as many stories as they desire. Be sure to have your name and address legibly written on each entry.

6. All entries must be received at the office of the magazine, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., not later than December 3, 1945.

7. Prize winners will be announced and the prizes awarded by Christmas, 1945.

8. Every care will be taken to return unsuitable manuscripts, but Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine cannot accept responsibility for them. Manuscripts should be typed or legibly written, accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope, and mailed by first-class mail to:

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